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EVER MEET A REDHEAD WITH AN ATTITUDE? MILLA'S COT ONE ABOUT SEX. SHE DEMANDS TO GET IT HARD FROM THE MEN SHE MEETS!



MY WENT TO DO IT, AND HOW HARD I WANT TO







I LOYE IT WHEN MEN PLAY WITH MY PUSSY HAIR.
THEY LIKE THE LOOK, FEEL AND SMELL OF IT





I love my kitchen. I love the smells that come out of it. I can't wait to serve up something my husband likes. He likes to spread it wide and then just dive right in.

















LOVE SERVING GENTLEMEN. THEY ARE THE BEST KIND OF CUSTOMER. THEY KNOW WHAT THEY WANT AND ORDER IT RIGHT UP. ONE RAINY NIGHT A GENTLE-MAN CAME INTO THE BAR WHO LOOKED SO SAD. E SAID HIS WIFE WANTS TO LEAVE HIM. FELT BAD FOR HIM. ASKED WHAT HE WANTED, BUT I KNEW. SO I CLOSED THE BAR DOWN AND POURED HIM A DRINK, WITH ALL THE CUSTOMERS GONE, IT WAS JUST HIM AND ME. REACHED BEHIND THE BAR AND PULLED OUT A BIG LONG





BLACK DILDO AND ASKED IF THIS WAS GOING TO MAKE HIM FORGET HIS WIFE FOR A FEW HOURS. HE LOOKED AT ME AND SAID IT WOULD. TOOK IT AND BEGAN TO LICK IT ENTICINGLY IN FRONT OF HIM. HE WATCHED INTENTLY AS I PUT IT NEAR MY PUSSY. ASKED IF HE WANTED TO HELP BUT HE SAID HE WOULD RATHER WATCH. I PUT THE HEAD IN JUST ENOUGH TO SPREAD MY PUSSY LIPS JUST A LITTLE BIT. TEASED HIM WITH SMALL MOVEMENTS EXPOSING A LITTLE PINK THEN HIDING IT, AND THEN EXPOSING IT AGAIN. PEEK-A-BOO.





LEANED BACK AGAINST THE COUNTER AND SPREAD MY LEGS EVEN WIDER. HE WATCHED AS I SHOVED THE DILDO DEEPER IN MYTWAT PUMPING THE BLACK ROD AS HE TOOK A SIP OF HIS DRINK. MOANED LOUDLY AS PUSHED THE DILDO IN HARD. THE SOUISHY SOUNDS WERE TURNING ME ON AND, APPAR-ENTLY, HIM TOO, I HEARD HIS ZIPPER COME DOWN AND THE RUSTLING OF FABRIC AS HE PULLED HIS ROCK HARD COCK OUT AND BEGAN TO SQUEEZE AND STROKE IT UP AND DOWN.





TURNED OVER TO GET ON MY KNEES SO HE COULD GET A GOOD VIEW OF MY ASS AS I KEPT RAMMING THAT HUGE NINE INCH BLACK DICK INTO MY PUSSY HOLE THE SIGHT OF HIM JERKING OFF TO ME WAS WILDLY EXCITING AND CAME ALL OVER THAT RUBBER COCK. HE WAS STROKING HIMSELF SO FAST THE BAR BEGAN TO SHAKE HELETOUTA BIG YES AS HE CAME AND GRABBED HIS DRINK TO LETIT GUSHIN HE PUT HIMSELF BACK IN HIS PANTS AND I TOLD HIM TO GO HOME TO HIS WIFE THINK | HELPED HIM



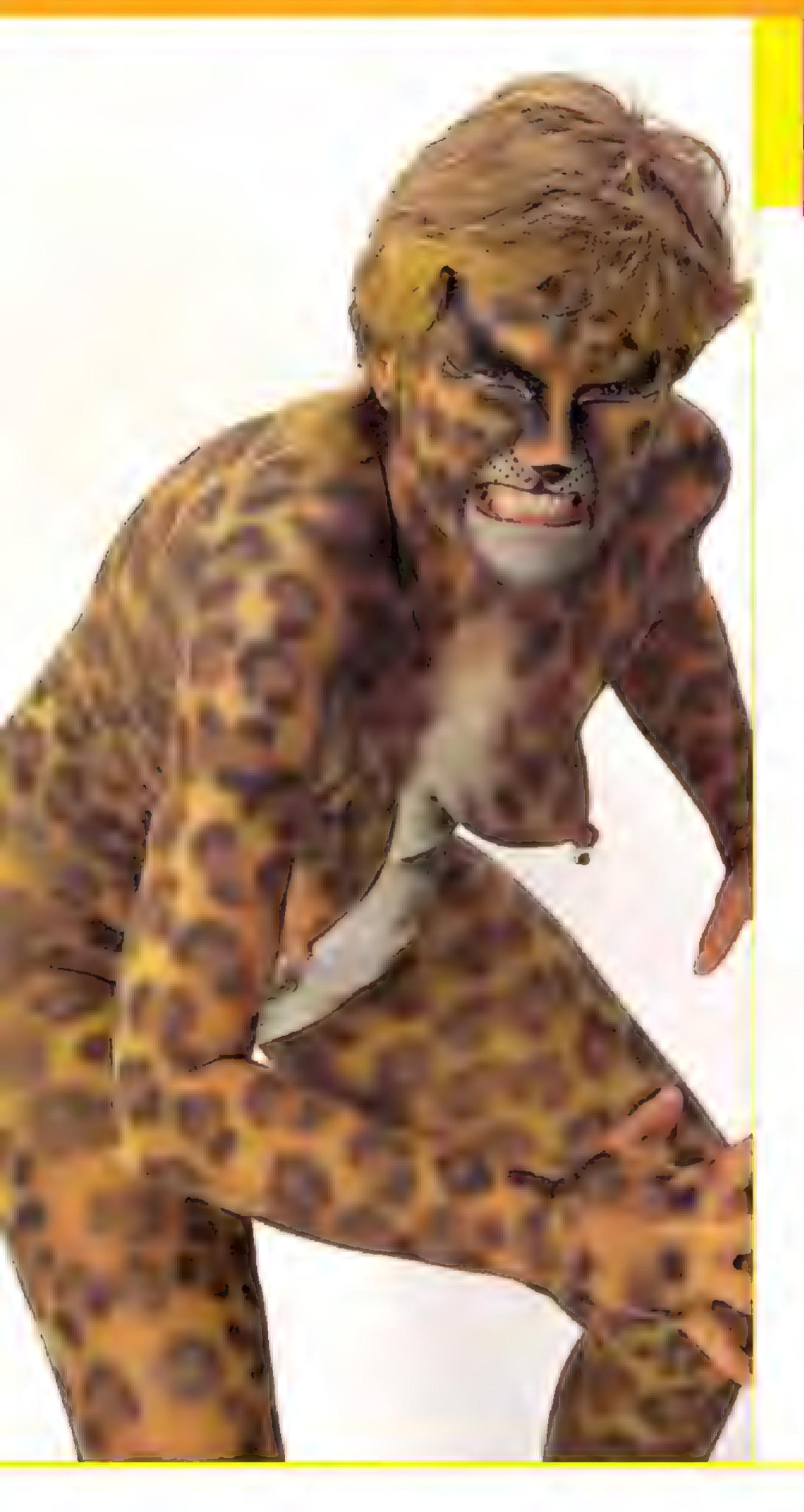
The first thing about Debbie that draws my attention is that marvelous ass of hers. Debbie is just the sort of Milf who you want to lie on her belly. And, you just want to straddle her body, put your hands on her ass, and pump that pussy until the sun goes down and comes back up again! When a woman has the curvy hips and buttocks that Debbie has, well, how's a fella to think about much else?







the Adventures The Adventures



A 50-Plus Series
Chronicling A Nerd's
Rise To Sexual Stud Man
to Ladles Over Fifty

It's getting to a point

where a lot of people know about my sexual adventures and mishaps: and, that's fine! If I can, in any way, assist some socially-awkward guy in slipping his dipstick into some fine Milf pussy...then Hallelujah and praise the Lord!

And, after all...if I (the biggest geek of an uber nerd) have managed to insert my geeky dong into the finest of Milf holes...well, then, sure...you can too!

As you may know, it all started when I limped-out with my college girlfriend. My flaccid noodle sent my head spinning, and I abandoned my programming studies to live my life out in a lonely depression. And, that's when my first Milf came along! Her mature pussy lifted the gloomy veil from my eyes and reinvigorated my fundamental male parts: and, I was off on a nonstop Milf hunt!

I used my creativity, and before I knew it, the legs were parting for me revealing the glorious Milf twats: like clouds being blown to the sides of the sun! And, how I plunged my cock and tongue in those baking pussies! Sure, it took some scheming and a lot of effort...but the rewards!

And, that's what boggles my mind about what happened yesterday. I don't know how to explain it except now that Ive had my fair share of Milf pussy...I am oozing confidence! See, I wasn't even looking for a Milf hole yesterday...it came to me!

It was a Friday night, and I was strutting downtown: headed to the nerd store to



I felt her pussy cum gushing out of her love center, and that only made me thrust all the harder. I couldn't believe how long I was lasting in that Milf pussy either!



pick-up the latest book about Python programming. The young women were fluttering in tank tops, and some of them even had their sunglasses on. That's the style with the twenty-something girls: sunglasses at night. Pretty stupid if you ask me. Or maybe I was just in a mood. I don't know, but their young bouncing tits didn't have any effect on my trouser snake. As you know, I prefer the older women...how women age like fine wines!

So, I was exiting the bookstore when a beatnik slapped his hand on my shoulder.

"I got what you need," he said.

His huge pupils seemed to be spinning like pinwheels.

"I don't get high," I said.

"Naw man," he said, adjusting his beret. "The only drug I'm offering is Milf pussy."

"Milf pussy!" I blurted out. The words "Milf pussy" echoed off the head of a passing, yuppie woman, who scowled.

"Calm down young blood," the beatnik said. "Don't want you creaming in your nerdy pants boy."

"It's just that I worship Milf pussy," I said.

The beatnik handed me a little flyer. It read: "Milf Rave," and listed the address...and, it was starting right now.

"What's a Rave?" I asked.

"It's when a bunch of hotties converge for the fox trotties," he said.

I looked at his dilated pupils again and noticed his stubbly face with chocolate smudges. Well, shit. I wasn't here to evaluate the hygiene habits of this countercultural figure. I was out for some experienced, female pootanannie!

With my new book under my arm, I headed to the disco, which was in the meat-packing section of town.

"Fitting," I thought. "I've got some meat I need to pack!"

I entered the building, and my eyes slowly adjusted to the dim light. It was like a stereotype straight out of a Seventies movie: the overhead, strobe light ushered prismatic light fragments throughout the immense hall. The bouncer looked like Mr. T, and I handed him my ten dollar admission.

"Go get busy boy," he said, grinning.

I ambled over to the bar, and there were three girls, wearing only bikini bottoms, who were pouring the drinks. They were moving fast, and my mind was hypnotized as I watched those huge nipples zooming around.

"What can I get you?" one bikini, bartender babe asked me.

You see, I don't drink, but I wanted something to pep me up, so I ordered four cups of coffee.

"At the same time?" she asked.

"Yes...and no cream," I said.

I downed the coffees quickly, as I watched a glorious Milf dancing on the mini stage. The blond-haired beauty wore a leopard suit, and she was on her hands-and-knees with her face in a bowl of milk! Her tongue lapped at the cream as she waggled her incredible ass in the air! My cock sprang up like a bullfrog in the brush.

"Oh, hot diggety dog," I said, heading over to the stage.

There were a couple other women on the dusky stage, but I had eyes only for my leopard Milf. And, you won't believe this...but, the leopard Milf pointed at me and then pointed at the stage beside her! She wanted to dance with me! But, an uber nerd ain't no John Travolta!

However, the way my cock pressed against my trousers...let's just say I followed my cock. I was dancing right next to the Milf, gazing into her eyes which twinkled in the artificial crepuscule.

"Let's drink," she said, pulling me down to the floor.

She started lapping at the milk with her tongue. Then she shoved my face in the bowl.

"Drink my cream!" she yelled.

Why the hell not? In a libidinous haze I shoved my tongue in the warm cream. I looked over at her, and she smiled widely: cream dripping from her chin.

"Let's mate," she said.

"I'm not ready to be a daddy," I said.

"No, dummy," she said. "What I meant is...let's fuck!'
She took my hand and lead me through the curtains
behind the stage. We were in a type of storeroom: boxes
of alcohol were stacked against the walls.

"What do you want kitty to do?" she purred.

"I want to kiss your beautiful lips," I said.

"Fine," she replied. "Let's put this computer book down."

I blushed. I had forgotten that I'd been carrying a Python Programming book the whole time!

"I love fucking nerds," she said, smiling...then pressing her lips against mine.

I inhaled the enticing fragrance of her perfume mixed with perspiration. We passionately kissed for fifteen minutes or so; the rave music made me feel like this was a futuristic romance. The Milf pulled her head away.

"What do you like about me?" she asked.

"You're a Milf of a Goddess!" I exclaimed.

"Right answer," she purred, dropping to her knees and yanking my zipper down.

My stiff cock popped out, and her mouth engulfed it.

She began playing my skin flute with an inspired passion. She let it slip out of her mouth.

"Meow," she said.

"Woof!" I exclaimed.

She looked at me quizzically. God, I'm an idiot.

"Let's find something to lie down on," she said.

We rummaged through the shelves and found a blanket. The leopard Milf found a box of candles, which she opened. She lit a bunch and placed them on the shelves. The burning candles' halos created a tender intimacy.

We sprawled on the blanket, and I unzipped her leopard suit and slid it off her; her body, so curvaceous in the candlelight, made my cock ache. In addition, those four cups of coffee were starting to wreak havoc on my bladder.

"Eat this pussy cat's pussy," she said, flopping back with her toes pointing to the ceiling.

I slithered into the driver's seat and pressed her mons pubis to make that little clitty more prominent. Then I spit on that glistening button of love and kneaded it in a gentle circle...before furiously lapping my tongue across her cunt. I greedily inhaled the fragrance of her sopping wet pussy.

"Ooooh, eat my pussy," she moaned. "Eat this Milf's pussy."

I did as instructed and savored her love juices which were becoming more copious. She grabbed my ears and pulled my head towards her.

"Sit on my face," she said.

"Well, holy hell...that's a switch," I said.

It turns out she had 69 in mind! I hopped around and stretched my cock into her mouth. Then I plunged my head back into that glorious Milf pussy hole. I started licking her labial folds as if I were taking the icing off a cupcake. She popped my cock out of her mouth hole.

"Fuck my mouth like it's a pussy," she said.

I was eager to follow her commands, so I started pumping her mouth hole, as I continued slurping on her pussy. She actually had her hands on my hips and was also thrusting my cock in her mouth. I didn't want the poor Milf to gag on my uber-dong; but, I did want to make her happy! And, to my surprise, this leopard Milf had some insane, deep throat technique. She was taking all of my shaft into her mouth, and my cock was

actually sliding in her throat.

It's a good thing I had consumed all that coffee...you see...since I had to urinate...well, it turns out that was actually stopping me from shooting my load! I had no idea, but, apparently, when I really have to urinate, I don't cum! With glee, I pumped her mouth some more. I pulled my face out of her cunt, and, I yelled, "Your Milf mouth is my pussy baby!"

She took my cock out of her warm mouth.

"No baby," she said, "You'll see the difference between my mouth and pussy in just a sec."

She scooted around to her hands-and-knees, and I looked at that those full, beautiful pussy lips in the candlelight.

"Time to do my pussy...kitty style," she said.

I really had to piss, but when that sort of Milf pussy is before your eyes, you better just dive in. I saw her juices glistening on her labia, and I slapped my bloated dick against her ass.

"Ease your terminal into my hard drive computer boy" she said, wiggling her ass.

I lined my cock up with her hole and slowly pushed. God, she was tight for such a sexy, older woman. I figured that a sexy Milf like her would have had a pussy that would be a bit looser from all the fucking that she, no doubt, had experienced. But, that cunt choked my dick like a vice grip. With a single thrust, I shoved it home.

"Oooooh," she moaned.

I couldn't really control myself. I would have liked to have started slow before I really started bucking, but this Milf had me crazy, and I just started pumping like a possessed lunatic.

"You're fucking me so hard," she gasped.

"Yea, moan for me," I said, pulling back her blond mane.

"Only if you spank me," she whispered.

I lifted my hand and as soon as my shaft slammed all the way in, I brought my palm down on that beautiful full ass. She went down to her elbows, and I put my hands on her ass and plowed away. I knew she was enjoying it, because I heard her deeply inhaling through her nostils.

"Oh, yea...breathe baby," I grunted.

"Something's burning," she said, twisting her head around. "Fire!"

I pulled my cock out of her pussy and spun around. Holy shit! On the lower shelf, a candle had fallen over, and it had ignited a box full of paper towels. Still naked, with my broomstick cock waving in the air, I ran over to the burning box dumbfounded. In my fear, my cock went soft, and I did what any man in my position would do. I aimed my cock of a fire hose at the burning box and shot my urine all over it. The fire hissed, and I wiggled my dick around so my piss could douse every sputtering flame. We were left with a bunch of charred cardboard and a yellow puddle.

"My hero," she said.

I turned around and the leopard Milf was on her back with her legs spread wide.

"Come fuck the hell out of me you fireman hero," she said.

All this "fireman hero" talk made my dick stand at attention. I jumped between her legs, rammed my cock in, and started humping like a rabbit on speed.

"Oooooh, that Milf pussy is good!" I yelled.

"I'm cumming hero man," she yelled.

I felt her pussy cum gushing out of her love center, and that only made me thrust all the harder. I couldn't believe how long I was lasting in that Milf pussy either! I bucked away for another ten minutes, and her moans were getting so loud, I was scared that they might be heard over the dance music. Finally, I felt a swelling deep in my loins, and I knew that there was no way I could fur-

ther suppress my spurting desire. I pulled my cock out of its warm home.

"Cum on my leopard face you fireman computer stud!" she yelled.

I aimed my hose at that pretty Milf face and pumped my shaft. In seven thick spurts, I covered her face with my lustful cream: my cum was dripping off her chin, and some of it was in her hair. She smiled at me, put a dollop on her index finger, and put it in her mouth.

"Oh, shit, I have to get back to work," she said.

"You work here?" I asked.

"Yea, they pay me to dance on the stage," she said. "It keeps the guys coming back to watch the leopard shake her ass."

"Well, it's going to keep me coming back," I said, smiling.

"You bet you're going to be cumming," the leopard Milf said, laughing.

We cleaned ourselves up with the paper towels that hadn't gotten burned. Then we got back on the dance stage and boogied until we got horny again. You can figure out what happened next. It involved a storeroom, my raging cock, and a tireless leopard Milf!

the end







I'm going to just come right out and say that I love and adore Danielle St. John. In this day and age when so many women are trying to make themselves into pencils, it's refreshing to see this natural, beautiful Milf, who, quite frankly, has currently got my cock in an uproar! Danielle is what I call a "Milf that you can sink your teeth into." And, I know she's going to launch a million readers' fantasies.

danielle st. john



Just take a look at those fine curves of her body. Could you even imagine getting behind Danielle and putting your hands on that marvelous ass? Listen, Danielle's ass is a work of art. They ought to take a picture of that thing over to the museum and hang it right next to Renoir's paintings! When I told Danielle how I felt, she was characteristically humble. She said, "That's so sweet! I love it that my ass turns so many men on. And, you're pretty handsome too!"

I'm not going to lie. That sort of talk had me turning red. It's funny that after all these years, just a bit of praise from a gorgeous Milf turns my brain to mush. Danielle, you are one powerful Milf!



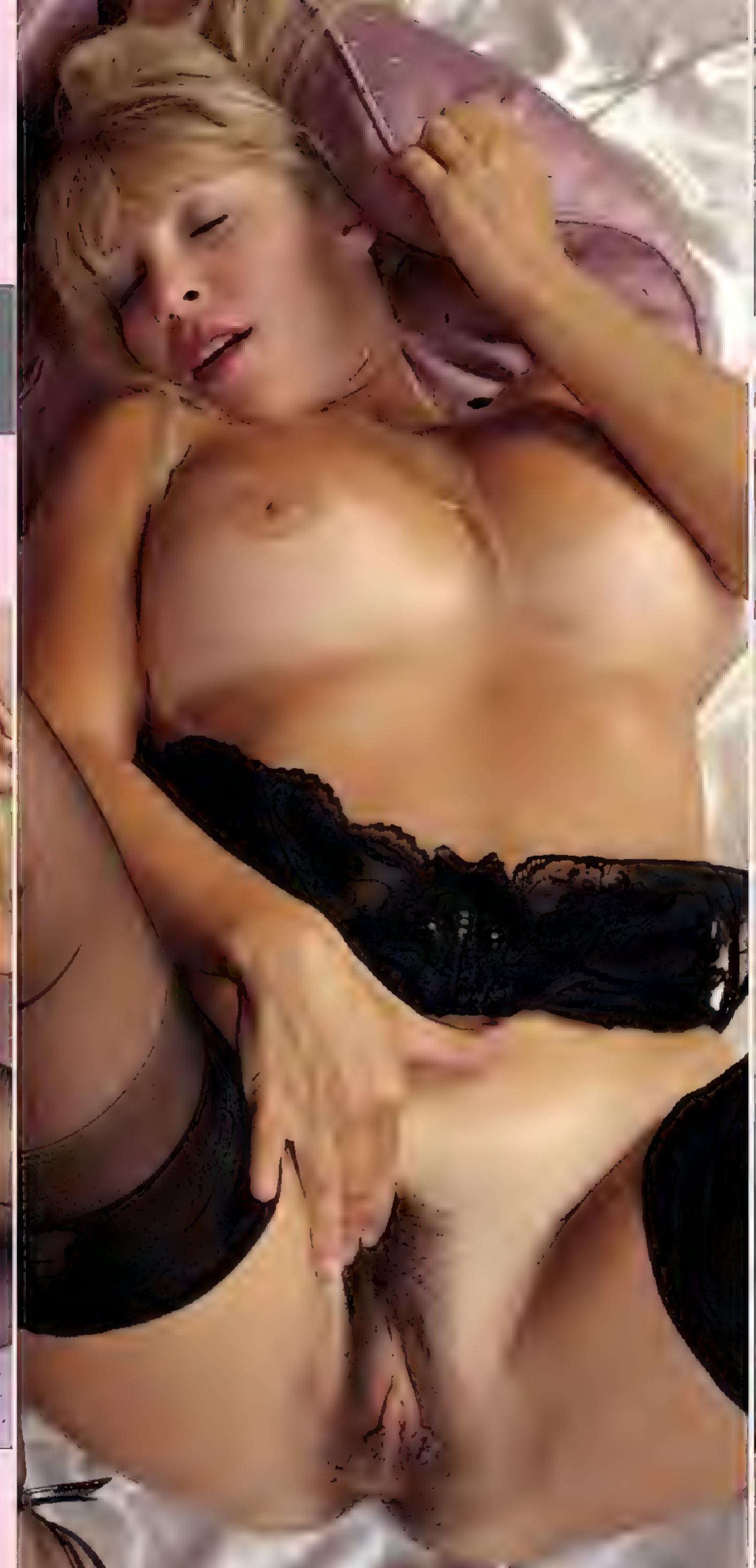


ffSure, honey, you can

if you want!"



danielle st. john











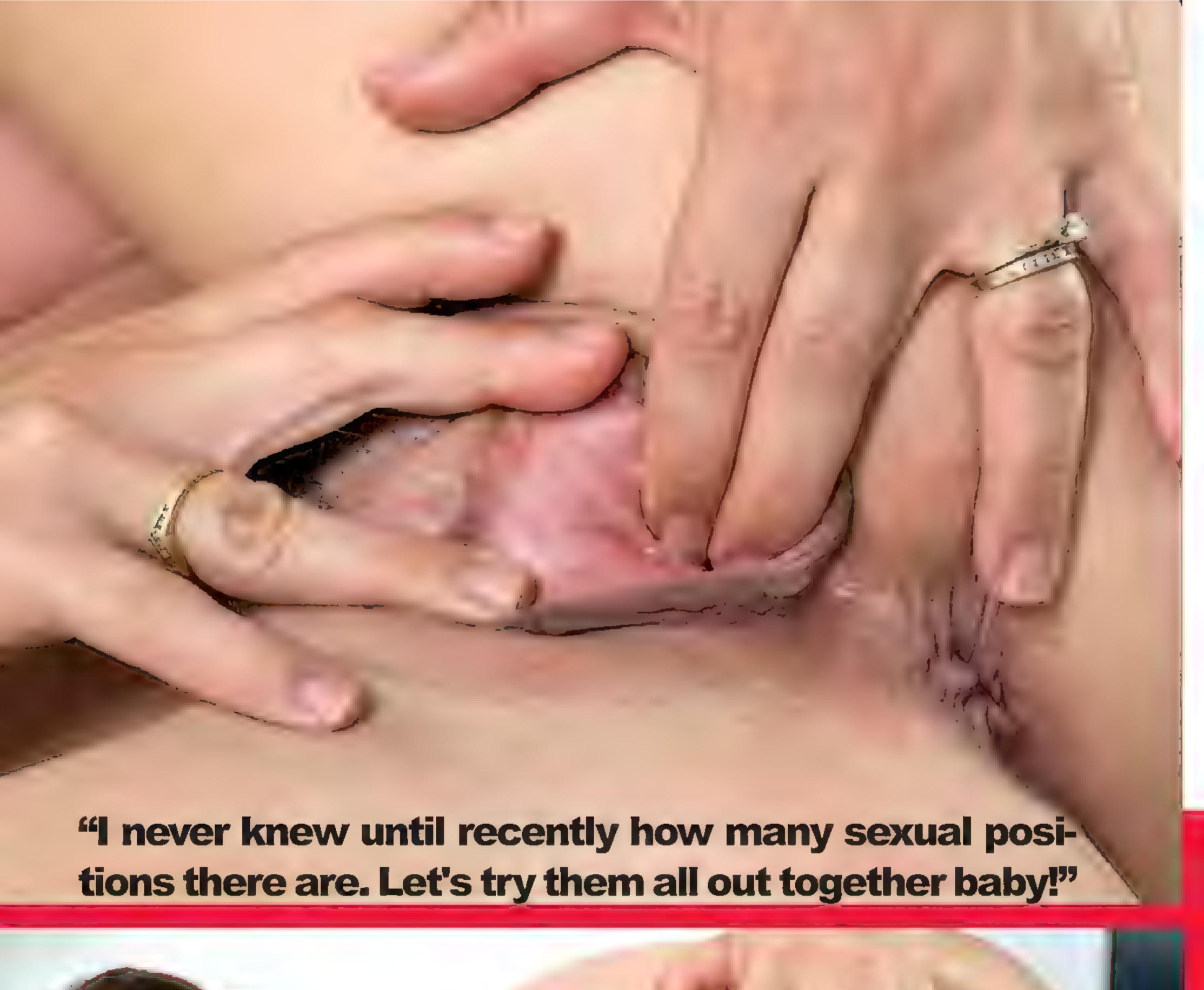
















This month's question:

What Do You Do When You Want To Get Your Man Really Horny?



Chrystal

That's a terrific question hon. Now, I don't want to seem like I'm bragging, but my man is usually pretty horny baby. Spreading my legs is usually enough to turn his man meat into a stiff monster. But, he's a trucker, and sometimes after a long haul, he'll be supertired...thing is...my pussy wants it bad. Well, in those situations, I grab my white lingerie and fishnets. What's so sexy is that the bikini part is cut so high that it just barely covers my pussy.

And, to top it off, I'll throw a sexy fur over my shoulders. I'll proceed to pretend like I'm a Vegas showgirl, and he may be flopped on a chair in the living room, but as soon as I start kicking my leg in the air...and my white bikini starts riding up my crotch and ass, well...let's just say that he finds his second wind!

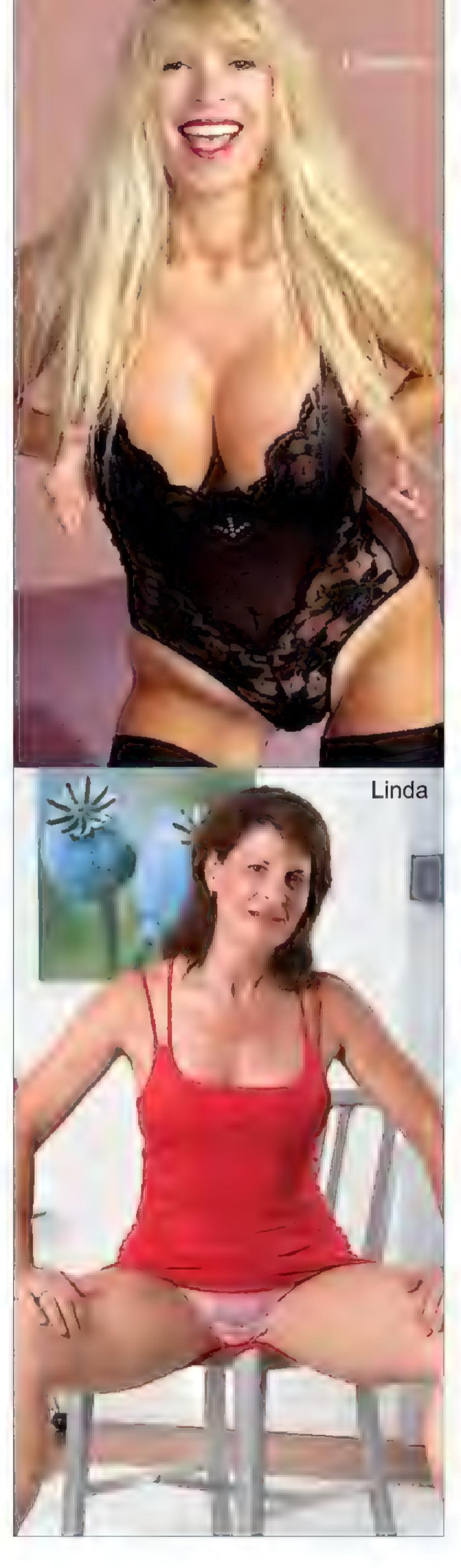
Then we'll go into some fun, fantasy role-playing. He'll pretend that he's a guy visit-

ing Vegas, who's just happened to come across this hot showgirl...me! I'll play coy and hard-to-get. And, before you know it, he's got me bent over the couch, and he's pumping my showgirl pussy like there's no tomorrow!

Danielle St. John

Oh, gosh, there are so many different things that I'll do to please my man. See, if I'm going to be honest, most men, including my current one, just can't wait to jam their dicks in my pussy. That's just the way it is, and I came to accept that back when I was a teenager and every member of the football team had his tongue hanging out every time I walked by in my cheerleader's skirt.

So, to get my man extrahorny, I use something that, I think, sex therapists call "delayed satisfaction." What that means is I don't let him get his hands or mouth on my pussy for as long as possible.



I'll get him excited in oh so many ways. I'll suck his cock and rub his balls, but I won't let him take my panties off. It gets to a point where he's just absolutely begging me to let him fuck me. But, that's when I'll say, "No, you've got to suck my pussy for another twenty minutes first."

Well, this, naturally, works out pretty well for me, as I simply go nuts for a skillful tongue on my clit! When the guy just can't take it any more, I'll let him slide his manhood into my pussy. By that time, he'll be plenty horny...believe me!

Gayle

I am so glad you asked. I've been dying to tell somebody about our new game: the Secretary Game! It's related, of course, to many of the fantasies that formed in my mind when I used to work as an actual secretary. And, we really take our time to set this thing up. Check it out. My man will put on a suit and tie. And, I'll wear a nice skirt and blouse. He'll go into his office and then I'll enter. I pretend like I'm interviewing to be his secretary.

He'll start off asking normal questions about my work experience: things like whether I know shorthand, how many words I type a minute, etc. Then, he'll suddenly start asking me sexual and inappropriate questions.

"How are your cock suck-

ing skills?" he'll ask.

At first, I pretend to be offended. That's part of the fun of the game.

He'il then ask something like, "How many cocks can you suck a minute?"

It's at that point that I threaten to report him. He says that he's willing to suck my pussy for an hour if I just stay quiet. He promises that he'll give me multiple orgasms. I can't resist, and he does indeed kiss my pussy for a long time, and, of course, before all's said and done he's fucking me on the desk!

Ginger

Okay, that's a fair question. Very relevant to real life. And, what can I say except I'm sort of an old-fashioned girl, and I use pretty traditional techniques; though, I do get a bit creative. You know how they say the way to a man's heart is through his stomach? Well, the same applies to his cock you know. The way to a man's cock is through his stomach. So, I'll usually make him a really nice, big meal. Something a man likes: meatloaf, mashed potatoes, roast beef, or pork chops. I'll add a heaping glass of red wine to the meal. It may sound a bit tacky, but never underestimate the power of alcohol when it comes to getting a guy horny!

After my man's finished-



up eating, I'll put on some really romantic music. Either some smooth jazz or some graceful country music like Willie Nelson. We'll then dance in the living room for a while, and I'll "accidentally" allow my arm and hands to brush against his cock. I'll squeeze his hand and blow in his ear. I know it sounds corny, but a lot of times these old-fashioned methods just can't be replaced by anything better.

After this goes on for a bit, the guy's natural man instincts kick in, and I don't have to do much else. He'll soon be kissing me, squeezing my tits, grabbing my ass, and shoving his fingers up my vagina. I'll suggest we go into the bedroom, and he won't object. Then I'll nibble on his cock a bit before he fucks me...but, at this point, he won't really need any more encouragement.

Linda

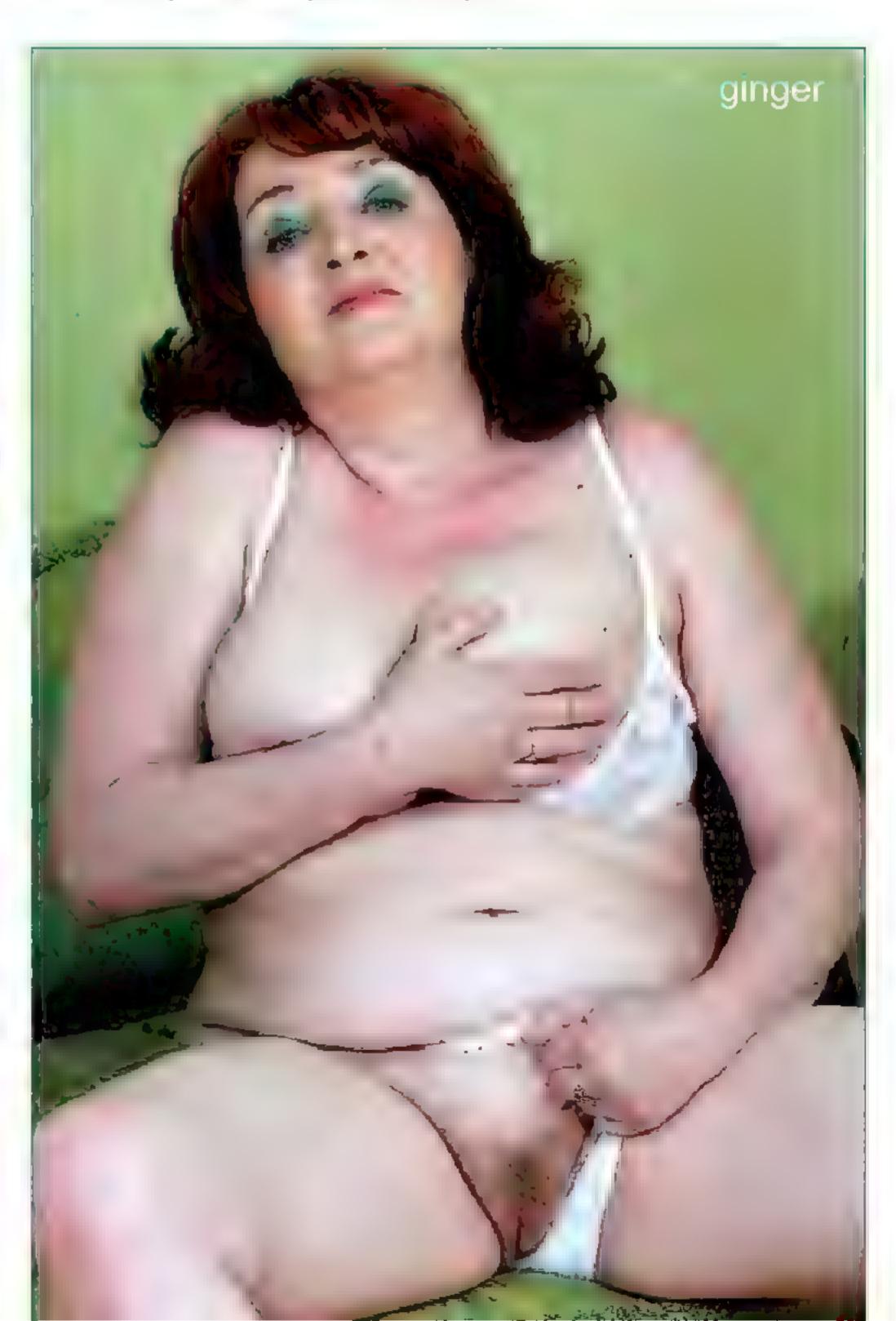
Listen. I'm not going to lie. I've been around a bit, and I've had a number of relationships. I don't care how hot the guy is...and, I don't care how steamy the fucking is...you're going to reach a point where the passion just dulls a bit. That's just the way life works. I know my pussy's good, but you give any man the same piece of pussy for a year, and his initial zest is going to wane a bit. Girls, if you haven't learned this yet, take my words to heart: they will save you future grief.

This is where role play comes into the picture. Now, I'm not an over-the-top, role play enthusiast. I don't want you thinking I'm the biggest freak out there. But, like I said, it does help with long term relationships. So, what you want to do is take turns. One night you choose. The next night your man chooses.

So, last week, when it was my turn, I pretend-

ed to be an Olympic ice skater, and my man pretended to be my coach. Oh, that one got me horny. First he pretended to coach my makebelieve skating...and, then he really did coach our very real fucking. When we were doing it doggy, he was spanking my ass and saying, "lean back on it with more passion Tatiana!" Oh, that turned my pussy to molten lava. The next night when it was his turn, he had me pretend to be a cocktail waitress on a cruise ship, while he was a millionaire on vacation...such hot sex that night!

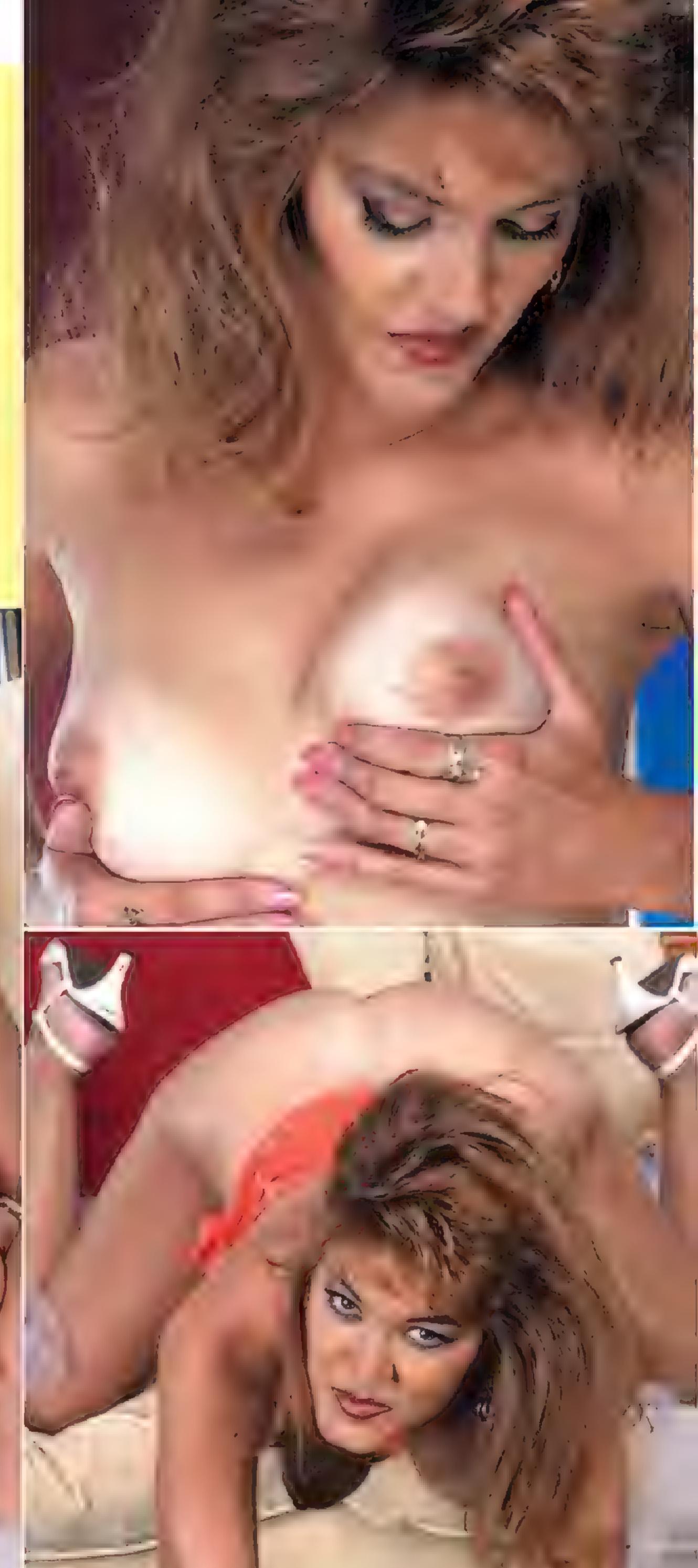
So, to answer your question...a healthy imagination gets everyone horny!





You see, what gets me insane is that I just get fixated on the palest part of the breast right around the nipple, which appears, to me, like a succulent, exotic fruit. I can't shake the thought of putting my mouth on that tender flesh and sucking until I fall over from exhaustion. In fact, I can't think of anything else. And, what can I say except I know we all want to get our hands and mouths on Janice's...um...fruits!









Personal and Private Services

Meet hot adult friends - NOW!

WOMEN

MATURE WOMAN

Hi, I'm a bored, blond suburban housewife who's oversexed and over stacked. My husband just can't satisfy me. He doesn't understand that a 40-something woman has lots more experience than these young bitches. Our bodies are at their highest sexual peek and we want a hard cock right now! My measurements are 38DD-25-36 and my ass is as tight as a drum. I'm looking for a stud to get me off. Can you handle that? I do everything, BJs, anal, threesomes, fetish, role playing, around-the-world - anything goes! You name your sexual kick and I'm the woman who'll satisfy you. Dare to be bad with me. Write me now. Seductively yours, Barbara B., Wilmington, DE.

30-SOMETHING SLUT

Hi, I'm not a 20-something anymore but my body still rocks and I'm more horny than ever. I need men who appreciate a girl when she starts to mature. My pussy still gets wet at the very touch of a man (or a woman). It makes me nuts that guys don't get it that we blow these young bitches away. We know how to please with our mouths, and even anally so give me a try. I like real dirty talk. Don't delay. Julie, P., Los Angeles, CA

LONELY

My husband left me for a 19 year-old slut last year and I want to get back at him badly by having sex with as many men as I can. That means you! I'm a very attractive woman in her mid 40s with dark hair. I'm half Latin and half German so I have a great, exotic look. My body is very good for a woman with two kids. Still an hourglass figure. Long legs, and tight buns (I work out regularly). I haven't had a lot of sexual experience but I'm open (wide open). Please send a nice intro letter first. Maria, Houston, TX

MEN

YOUNG MAN WANTS MOM

OK, so I'm only 18 but I love older chicks. I had this thing for my best friend's mom forever. She's so f**king hot! She wears those black seam stockings and tight ass dresses and just drives me wild. I want a woman like that with big tits and a big ass. No young cheerleader bitches. Just mature sex-starved women who want a young stud to f** them all night long. I can do it. I also eat pussy. Send your letter to: Bud, Portland, OR.

HANDSOME STUD SICK OF POSERS

I'm sick and tired of chicks who want nothing but guys with money. I want an older MILF or cougar who will be thankful when I do her all night long. Don't ask me about how much fucking money I make, just as me how big my dick is or how long is my tongue because that's what I'm going to use on you. And you better thank me once I cum in your mouth.

Billy, Tacoma, WA.

NEW YORKER

Yo, old bitches. I don't care how old you are - 30, 40, 50, even 60. I'll do any woman who puts out. But you gotta do whatever I tell you to do, OK? So be prepared if it's really weird shit. Don't write to me if you don't want to do really crazy stuff and sex that you only read about in magazines like this. I'm the real deal. I have had se with at least 500 babes here in Brooklyn alone and that's not even counting Manhattan. I go to clubs there and find women your age all the time. So why am I writing to this magazine? Because I want more, OK? I'm handsome and work in law enforcement. Tell me how you look. No ugly chicks. If you're over 50 you better be in good shape. No saggy tits or asses. Mario, Bay Ridge, Brooklyn, NY.

NEEDS EXPERIENCE

I need an experienced woman to teach me about sex. I've only experienced kissing. Once I put my finger in a girl's hole but that's it. I need a woman who knows how to teach a young guy. Can you help me? I jerk off tow or three times a day and always think of my teachers and female boss (who are older) so please make sure you're like the women in this magazine. Oh, and I like those big white panties and big white bras for you to wear.

Clive, Chicago, IL

WANT TO MEET THE PERSON OF YOUR SEXUAL DREAMS FOR HOT, DISCREET CORRESPONDENCE? HERE'S HOW...

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HIS TOUCH OPENED UP A WORLD I HAD NEVER KNOWN. I'VE WAITED FIVE DECADES TO LOSE MY VIRGINITY AND NOW I'M FUCKING LIKE A COLLEGE GIRL. I HAVE TO MAKE UP FOR A LOT OF LOST TIME.



Hi I'm Shari.

I'm seventy years old and have lived in Alaska all my life. I work part time at the local bakery so I'm able to take care of my mother who suffers from Alzheimer's disease. I work the morning shift and get of at 3pm after the lunch crowed clears. I go home immediately after work everyday to care for her. My father left us when I was 10, so she's been my responsibility for the last 55 years due to her health problems. Needless to say I did not go to college and even had to leave high college during my junior year. I had a boyfriend my freshman year in high college but we were too young to do anything. I have not dated or gone out with anyone because my mom is a full time responsibility. I'm still pretty young looking for my age. The cold up here helps keep the skin from aging. I don't smoke or drink, so that helps too. And to be perfectly honest with you, I've masturbated quite a bit in my life because I did

not want cobwebs growing down there. Sometimes it was the only release or only entertainment I had in the evenings after putting my mother to bed.

Last month my mom passed away and I've been busy taking care of her estate. My neighbor Ann, who is 56 years old and still single herself, has come over to console me and help me out around the house. In conversation I mentioned to her that I've been feeling empty and lonely since my mom passed. After dedicating my life to just my mom and no one else, how would I go on? I told Ann that I had not been on a date in my whole life. In fact I was still a virgin. I watched as Ann's mouth fell open. "What!" she screamed. "Holy shit," she said. "We've gotta get you out." I reluctantly said ok. Ann went on and on about how I would need a make over and a few pieces of new clothing. She felt it would help my self-esteem. The following week, Ann made a hair appointment for me at her salon. I nervously sat as the stylist cut my long hair in to a shag style. She thought it would suit my face better. The stylist suggested I should dye my hair dark to hide all the gray and I reluctantly agreed. I knew it would take some getting used to. I was actually beginning to like what I was seeing. I left the salon to meet Ann at the local coffee shop in town. She didn't even recognize me at first. How she screamed with excitement when she saw me! I fed off of Ann's energy. We both were laughing and smiling at the wonderful job the stylist has done. My hair felt and looked great, and so did I.

After we left the coffee shop, we went into town to shop for new clothes. Ann knew I was on a budget, so we hit a couple of the less expensive stores. Ann was so patient and helpful with me as I tried on some clothes. After a couple hours of shopping I ended up with a new pair of jeans, few tops and a dress. I felt so happy to have her as a friend. The next day at the bakery, all of my co-workers were thrilled to see me with my new hairstyle. They all agreed that I looked twenty years younger, and I began to feel that way. I felt like a new person. When I got home, there was a message from Ann on the machine. She called to invite me to her company's picnic this weekend. I called Ann to let her know that I would love to attend. She had never invited me anywhere before. I was glad to be thought of anyway.



Ann came to pick me up on the day of the picnic. I felt great in my new jeans and plaid wool shirt. Ann wore jeans too with a bright red sweat shirt over her tee. As she was driving I couldn't help myself from staring at her long legs. She was in such a good mood. As she talked, she'd touch her hair and tapped her thighs to the music. I felt I could learn something by watching her. At the picnic, Ann introduced me to everyone she knew. One person stood out to me the most. His name was John. He was in charge of getting the baseball game together. I'd never played baseball before. Before I could say no, Ann had already signed us up. As the day went on, Ann never left my side. She made me feel so special. I guess she knew I would be uncomfortable without her. At 2 o'clock the ball game would begin. I was starting to get nervous.

When it was my turn to bat, John could see how awkward I was holding the bat. He stood behind me to demonstrate

good. Most of the people had gone. Ann was walking around picking up trash and John was gathering up the softball gear. He saw me and asked if I could help him. I went over to the ball field and picked up the few bats on the ground and stuffed them into the bat bag. John was grabbing the bases and loading them into his SUV. I couldn't lift the bag so I began to drag it over to the SUV. He saw me and came over to help. We laughed about it as we finished with the gear. Ann walked over to us and said she was ready to go. John quickly offered to give me a ride home. Before I could say anything, Ann said that would be great and hustles off. The park was now empty except for John and me. It was getting dark and I was hungry. I asked if we could stop for a bite to eat before taking me home and he said sure. We climbed into the SUV and he started the engine, but it wouldn't start. He looked at me and cranked it again, but no go. He sat back and said he'd give it a minute, so as we waited we made small talk, but I was looking at him

thinking what a great guy he was and if he was going to kiss

the right way to hold it. He was much taller than me. I could feel his firm body against my back and his strong arms around me. After a moment he backed away and the ball was pitched and by some stroke of luck I hit – right back to the pitcher who threw me out. As I jogged back to the bench I passed John and he high fived me. That was cool. The game finally ended and



we won. I did contribute a little bit; I got a hit and scored a

run. It felt great. I hadn't had this much fun in – well 50 plus

years. Ann saw that I was more comfortable and social as the

day worn on and she didn't have to baby-sit me. As the picnic

me. He tried to start it again and it just wouldn't star, so he picked up the cell phone and called AAA, apologizing that he was not very mechanically inclined. I laughed and said I wasn't either. The mechanic said it would be twenty minutes to half an hour before he could get there, John said no problem

but thought I was in very good spirits about it. I thanked him, and blurted out that I hadn't dated during that time. I asked about him and he said that he had been divorced for almost ten years; had a couple kids that had grown up and left town but he liked it here and decided to stay. He looked over at

me and said he was glad he did. I blushed. He paused the conversation and leaned over to kiss me. I was surprised but did not back away. I met his lips and the fire erupted within me, but I held back. He briefly backed away but I reached behind his head and pulled him back. Our lips played for a bit before tongues began to lick each other's lips. Then they were thrust deep into mouths and the passion grew.

We backed off and looked at each other. He reached over and touched my neck and let his hand drift between my breasts. He undid a button and then another. I grabbed his hand and he stopped, But I wanted him to touch me. I pulled it into my breast beneath my bra and offered my nipple to him. He gently squeezed it and I let out a yelp that had been harbored for decades. I heard myself and laughed when I realized how loud I was. Inside my shirt, he switched hands so he was holding mine and pulled it to him. He lowered it to his crotch and I felt his manhood under the tight jeans. I didn't know quite what to do or what to think. My mind was racing and I was thinking about the AAA guy coming. John broke my silence saying that he could show me how to hold his cock like he \showed me how to hold a bat. I gave a nervous laugh and

said okay. He smiles and pulled down his zipper and pulled out his bulging cock.

had never seen a cock this close before. I couldn't even remember when the last time I had aver seen one. It was marvelous. Tall and erect with a glistening head that beckoned



and hung up. We settled back and for the wait.

After a few sentences the conversation stared getting personal. He asked if I had ever been married. I said no, that I had been taking care of my mom for a long time and she had passed a couple months ago. He said he was sorry to hear that,

my fingers to touch it. John let go of my hand and I reached over to it. I was surprised by the softness of the skin and the firmness underneath it. I swirled my finger around the tip as he groaned softly. I grasped the shaft and he groaned louder. He took my wrist and moved my hand up and down, letting

his kiss as I continued pumping his cock and rubbing his balls. Out tongues were missiles of passion as my pumping became more furious. He began to moan louder with his mouth still on mine. I was beginning to get a little scared. I had never been around a man who was in the throes of cumming. He pushed my head down as he pulled my hand away. I tried to resist but found myself zeroing in on the head and engulfed it with my mouth. Instantly I felt a warm gush fill me and I was shocked by it's velocity and force. He kept my head there as he kept spurting and spurting. The cum started oozing out the side of my mouth and he ordered me to swallow it. I tried not to gag as I tried to swallow with his dick still in my mouth. I finally did and he eased his hand off my head.

I straightened up and tried to compose myself. He said that was great and he could not believe I had not done that before. I was quiet and began to retreat into myself. Feelings of guilt,

go after a few strokes and he beckoned me to continue. By now I was leaning over the console and was pumping his rod with a rhythm that he seemed to approve of. He asked if I had ever licked one before. I looked up at him and giggled saying I had never touched one let alone lick one. He asked if I would and before he could finish I had my mouth around the head tasting him and licking like a kid on their first lollipop. The sweet smell of sweat and his manly musk intoxicated me even more.

I found that I was sucking him hard and bobbing my head up and down his shaft trying to get in as much as I could. I looked up and he had thrown his head back and was gripping the steering wheel as if he was holding on for dear life. I searched for his balls over the fabric and found them pinned to his inner thigh under the jeans. I rubbed them and his dick seemed to get even bigger. He grabbed my hair at the back of my neck and pulled my head up to his. He pulled my head into

questioning myself and fear began to overtake me. I tried to straighten up my clothes as he put himself back in his pants. Just as I began to say something a pair of headlights pierced the darkness heading towards us. I composed myself and settled back in my seat. He exited the door to meet the mechanic. They mumbled some things to each other and the hood came

up. Within a few minutes I heard the hood slam and John got back in the truck. He looked at me and asked if I was all right. I whispered I was okay as he put the gearshift into drive. As we pulled out he asked if I would still like to get a bite to eat, or if I was full. I smiled and he laughed. I got the joke

felt like a woman who just pleased a man because I wanted to. And you know what – it's now my turn and he's going to please me. Yes John. Let's go, I think I'm getting hungrier.

We had dinner and great conversation. I admitted that I was

a septuagenarian to John and he loved it. He complimented me on my looks and the firmness of my body. I giggled and told him I felt like a collegegirl sometimes and was ready to make the most of my newly found freedom. Well, that was all the prompting he needed. He came closer on the sofa, and we began to make out like college kids. I rubbed his cock again over his pants and he arched up to meet my touch. That was all it took, Our clothes were off within a minute and we were going at it like rabbits on the floor. We started out in a great sixty-nine position with me on top so I could take his cock deeper into my mouth. I pushed my pussy into his face and I could feel his hot breaths adding to the passion down there. I moved my hips back and forth, grinding my pussy into his face as if I was going to rub his moustache off.

After a while we stopped to catch our breath and he laid me back on the sofa and got on top of me. I had my legs tight together and he gently pried them apart. I felt his cock head probing for my opening and it found it. I grabbed his hips on either side to control them because I did not want him to just trust it into me. When he settled down a little, I slid my hands to his butt cheeks and pulled them into me. His cock

found it's mark and pushed it. At first my pussy resisted, but after a few deft strokes it welcome him with a wetness I have never felt. I wrapped my legs around his waist and laid back to let him do the work. I waited more than fifty years for this and I was going to enjoy it. I came quickly but told him to stay inside me and we lay there for hours. It was worth the wait!



and laughed too. In the minutes I was waited while they were working on the truck, I reflected on our last half hour and told myself it was okay. I actually liked it and found it quite erotic. I felt my pussy get wet and had feelings aroused down there that I had never felt before. It wasn't like two teenagers who were parked and making out trying to find their sexuality. I















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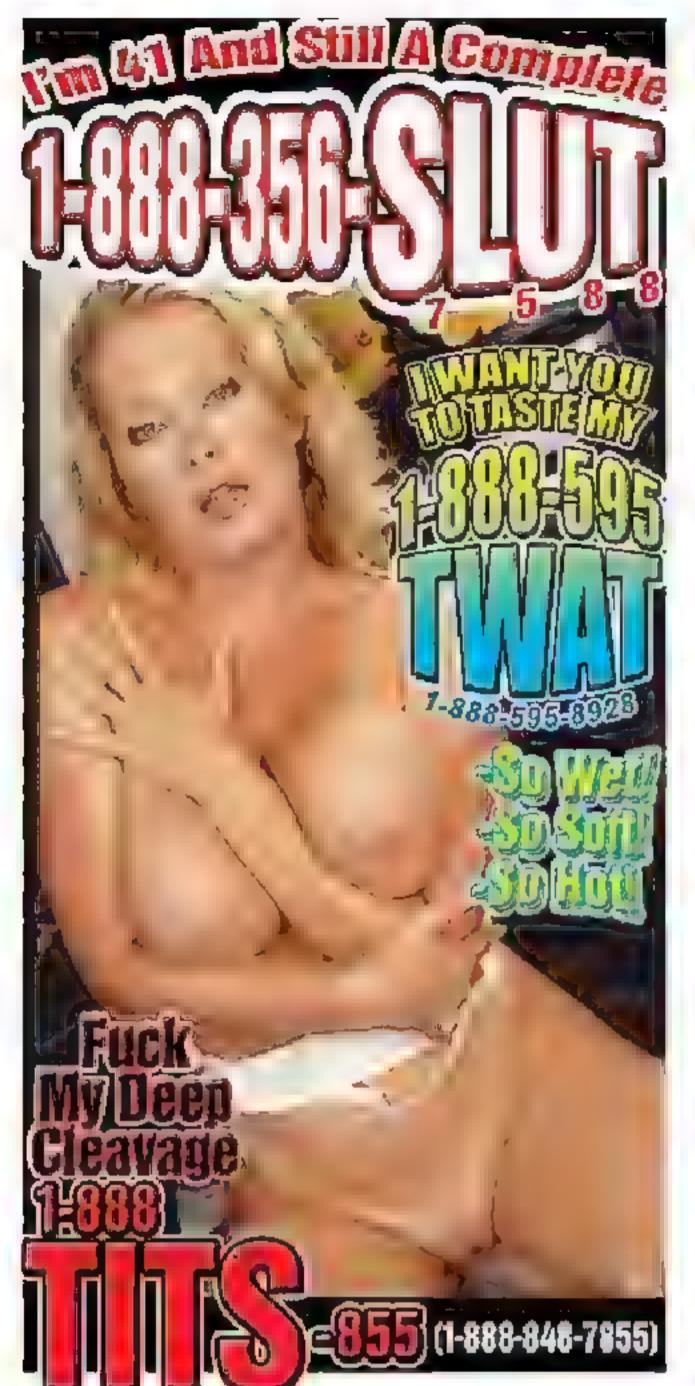
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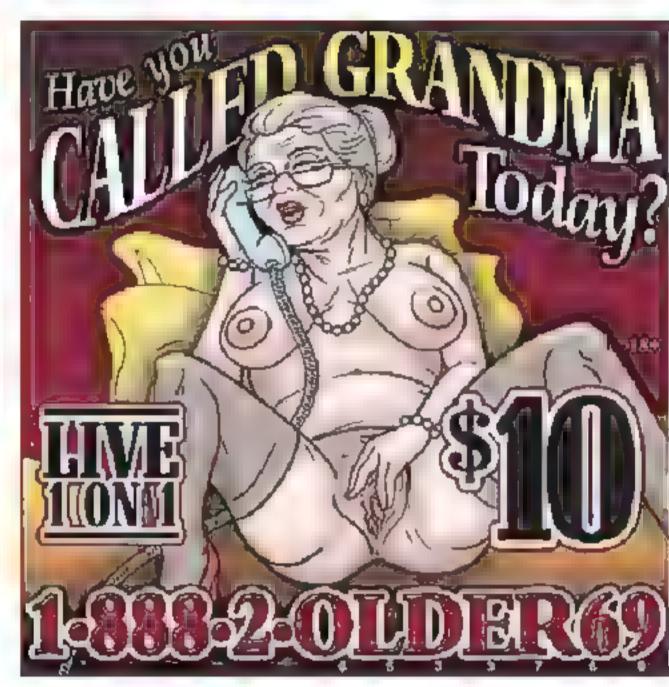




























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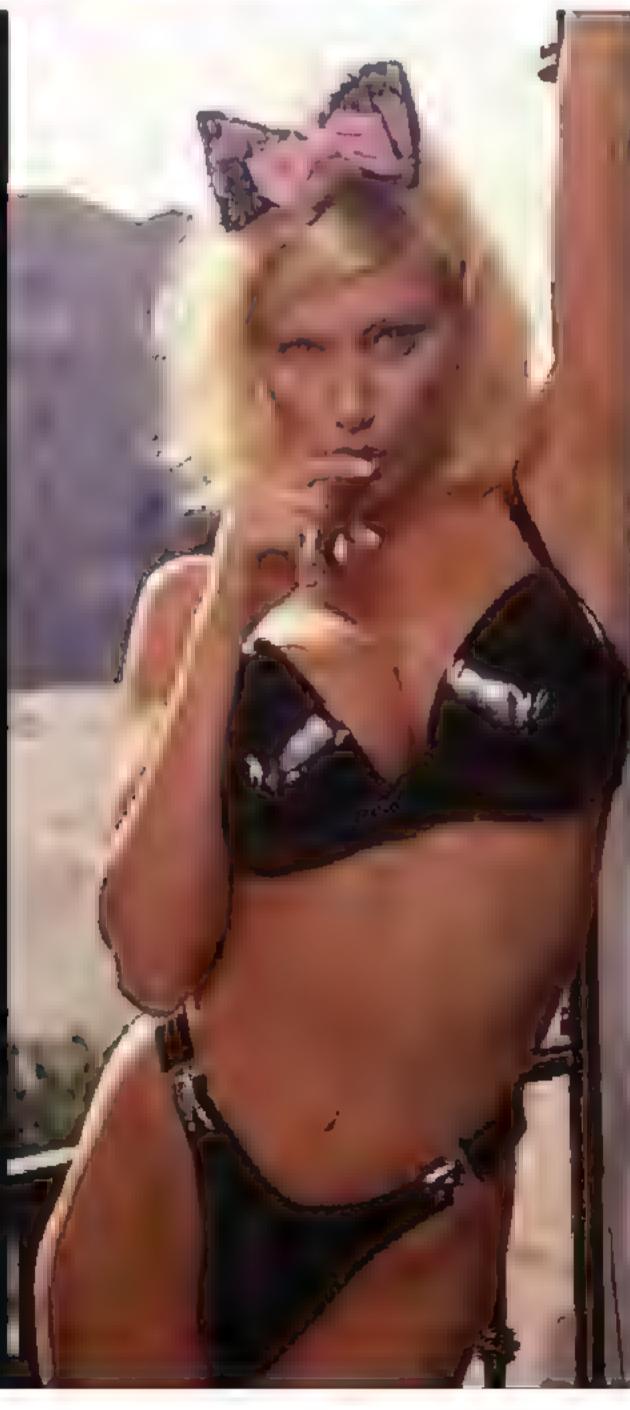
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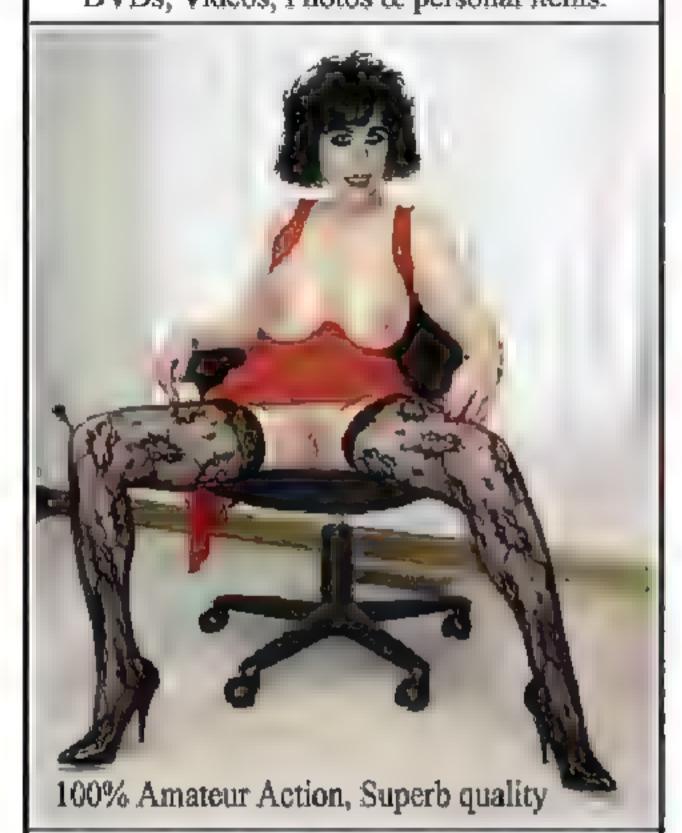
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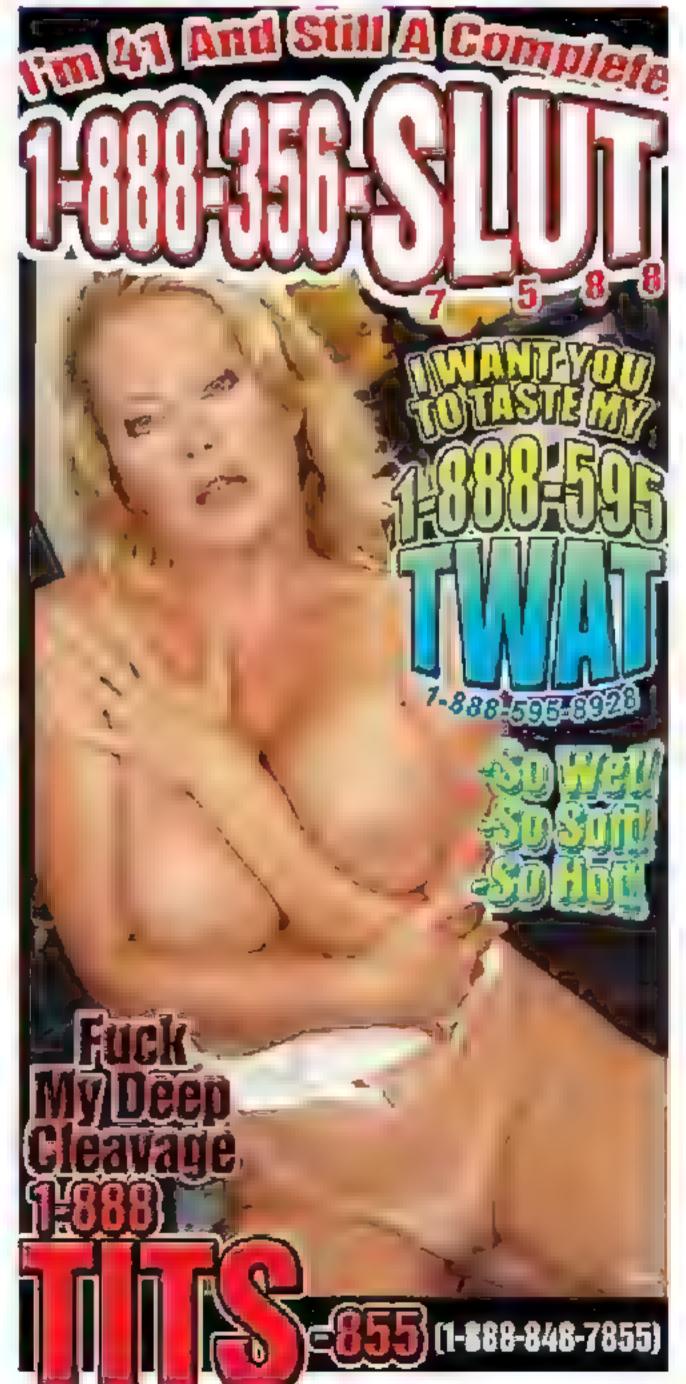




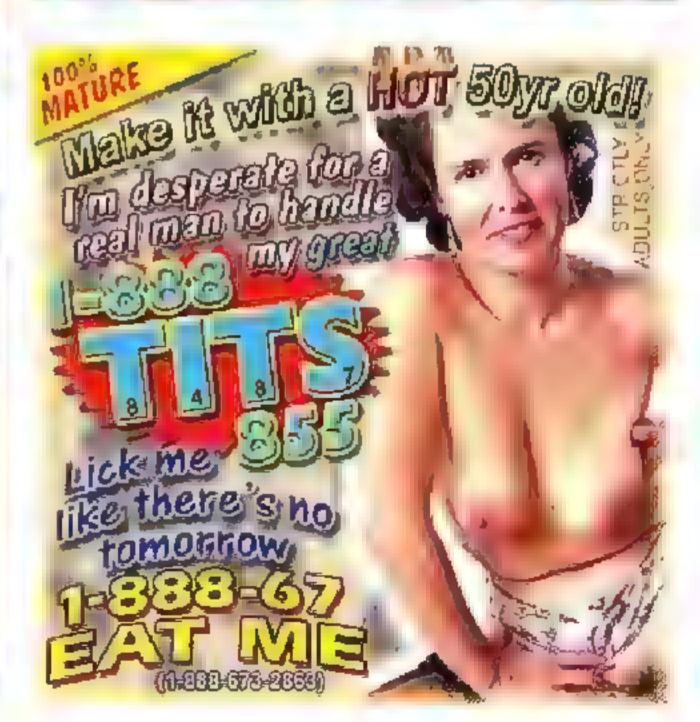










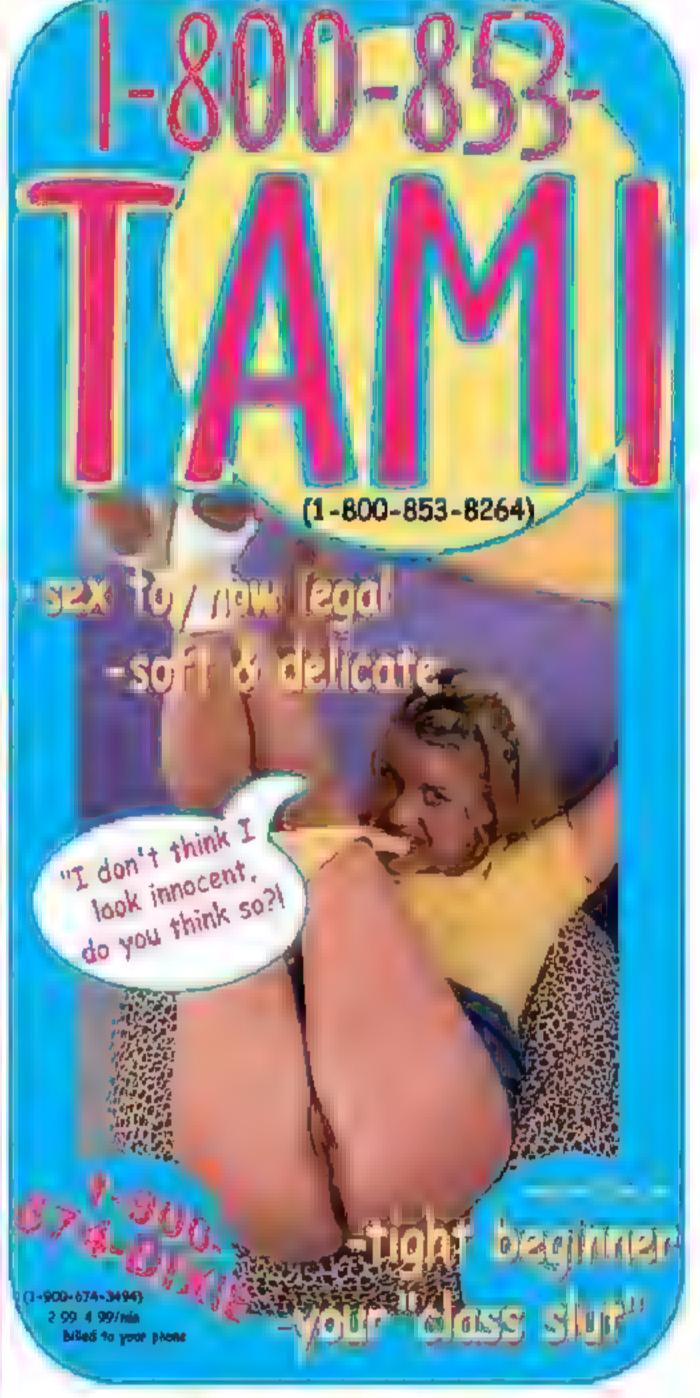
























Dr Sabrina returns with more words for you

Dear Dr. Sabrina,

I just wanted to write you and tell you how you helped me. I was having problems getting an erection and my doctor said I was in no shape to use any pills to make me hard. I had separated several years ago with my wife so I've been on my own for a while. Finding sex for an older man is not that easy. I don't go out to clubs or have any social events that I can attend to meet women. I've tried all sorts of stimulation and manipulation, like penis pumps and artificial vaginas, and they work for a minute but I cannot sustain my erection. You suggested to another reader to try a sexual surrogate, but I was not married so I tried the next best thing. I took a trip to a legal brothel to seek help. I did not want to find a woman through the sex ads in the local alternative newspapers, and for sure I was not going to do a hooker on the street. I decided to keep it all legit and went to Nevada.

I stayed for a few days in Las Vegas to muster up the courage. I went to a couple strip clubs to get me in the mood and by the third day I thought I was ready to head up north and try it. I got my rental car and drove to the brothel and sat in the car for few minutes. When I saw some guys pull up and go right in, that was enough for me. I went in and saw the reception room. My eyes adjusted to the darkness and I saw a bevy of women in front of me. After the typical formalities, I selected a small woman with big tits and a nice smile. Her name was Naomi and we sat and talked for a while, I did not want to tell her why I was there, that my buddies had done this and I should give it a try. We went back to one of the rooms and she asked me to clean up, which I did, I came back to the bed and she was already on it in a small pink teddy. As

Dr. Sabrina has some wise words for our readers. She tries to make sense of love, sex and what women want from their men.

If you have questions about the opposite sex, then Dr. Sabrina has the answer.

Read on!



I dropped my towel as I sat on the edge of the bed. She crawled over to me and started rubbing my shoulders. I thought to myself how all these years I had to be the instigator for sex. That was so uncomfortable for me and, who knows, make be a partial cause to my problem.

As soon as she pulled me down on my back and exposed my cock, I went soft. She didn't say anything and moved around to the side and began to kiss and suck on my nipples with her hand

sliding down to my penis. I closed my eyes and tried to fantasize about what was happening until I realized I was in my fantasy. I opened my eyes to see her head disappear into my crotch and felt her mouth on my turgid cock. Her lips completely surrounded it and she went all the way down to the base sucking and pulling as she came up. She repeated this, changing the pressure with each bob of her head.

I felt her tongue searching for the slit in my dick's head and when she found it she flicked her tongue as if trying to open it up. This was really great and I felt my penis starting to respond. I felt the blood rushing to the head and the shaft and after several more pumps with her mouth I was hard!. I couldn't believe it. Now she stared going down on it with a great sense of accomplishment. She had taken a flaccid dick and sucked it into attention. And she wasn't going to let it down. Her hands moved to my balls and she stared pulling on the ball sac. I had never felt this before either. She gently used her nails to heighten my pleasure and I finally came. She finished me off with a few hard strokes and I squirted halfway up my chest. I couldn't believe what had happened and I broke out into a relieved laugh and couldn't stop smiling the rest of the day.

I hope you'll print my letter for those other men who might find it helpful.

- T. S., Arizona

I'm sure your letter will do good for many men. I find a very straightforward person here who confronted his problem, thought about it, and went to seek help. Although it was in a cathouse, the final result is what's important. — Dr. S.

Letters From Our Readers

Comments on the magazine, the sexy ladies, and their thoughts on sex. These are real letters from our readers who let it all hang out!



Dear 50+ magazine,

I'm a 32 year old male and I been sleeping with my 78 year old grandma-in-law. This been going on for a year & a half now, her name is Connie, she's good in bed and satisfies me to the bone. It started off one night when she allowed me in her room as I locked her door behind me. She had been wearing on opened nightgown with her big boobs exposed and only panties underneath. As I talked to Connie, I placed my hands on her shoulders attempting to give her a massage. She let me put my hands on her body as I worked my way bellow, massaging her back then her waist. I cently put my hands on her sagging boobs caressing them, moulding them, and fondling her great wrinkled body By then she became putty in my hands & her body was mine. I had her legs over my shoulders as I seduced her the entire night tongued her simultaneously as I had my hands all over her body. As I had her legs over my shou ders, my thrusting her in motion, there was knuckles cracking from her legs, and joint crack-Fings from her legs too. As I fucked her, I had her stretched out in the open like a wishbone, as I was between her legs the whole night. The bed rocked back and forth, pounding loud and her loud moanings were the only sounds in the house. She told me I had reopened her pussy her hole very deep but good. I must have knocked her socks off when I had anal sex with her, because she became very quiet for moments. I put my dick in her ass, stuck it in, I stared at her and Connie had her mouth open and her eyes were rolling inside out, telling me to leave it in there because it felt so good. I popped her anal cherry and till this day we still have sex as manic as that first day I love Connie and she loves the sex more and more. But every time we have anal sex, I stick my dick up her ass she's quiet in paradise and lays

there with her mouth open and her eyes rolled inside out but tends to doze off because my dick is inside her for hours. She tells me it feels so good, she can fall asleep during intercourse. We have the best sex possible, but I want Connie the same, she is so addicted to me but never wants me to go. We were caught many times in bed together by her family but it never bothers her because the sex is too good.

- Danny, California

- Danny, You sound like quite the happy camper. Your adventures into the mature are interesting. We just hope you don't meet our grandmothers! - the Editors



Hi Mitzi,

My name is Ronnie I saw your address in care of. Hopefully this letter will get to you. Anyway, the reason I wrote you is I haven't ever wrote to any women from a magazine, but I just had to write you. Your beauty is mind-boggling. I usually have to limit myself at looking at your layout. Sometimes while driving, your photos fill up the windshield in my mind;

you know how daydreaming helps get you through the day; well you helped me. Anyway, I'm not going into details, but just to be in your presence would be a dream come true

- Your #1 fan - Ronnie, Virginia

To the Editor,

I'm retired and work part-time in a bank, Ever since I had my first experience with an older female at 20 years of age, it some best sex have had

One might I was cleaning bank as normal when I hear someone downstairs, so I went down to see what was going on. To my surprise there was the manager Maggie laying on the couch naked, sliding a dildo in and out of pussy Maggie is a good looking woman early fift es, nice 38 D tits, a little chunky. She was oblivious to me watching her. I stood there several minutes, my cock stiff. Maggle noticed me, said why don't I come here. I didn't think twice, come over to her She sat up and undid my pants and slid them down taking my cock in her mouth sucking on it making harder Maggie laid back on the couch leg wide open and screw now in second I was naked and between her leg and slid my cock into until all of cock up her hot wet pussy. I plunged in and out of her, banging my balls against her soft ass cheeks. Maggie wrapped iag and me bucking against me as was cumming. I was here banging her until I shot my load of juice up her fucking soaking wet pussy until I went limp. After catching our breath, wee both got dressed, she went home and I finished cleaning the bank.

Everything went on as usual for about a week. Maggle was working late one evening and she was wondering if I eat pussy as good as you fuck. I want to find out. I said, well there is only one way to find out. Maggie did not mince words. She said I will be off tomorrow,

continued overleaf >

Letters From Our Readers

More comments on the magazine, the sexy ladies, and their thoughts on sex. These are real letters from our readers who let it all hang out!

come over to my home after 9am. She gave me her address. The next morning I was with her in the bedroom. Both of us naked. I went down and ate pussy, nice and plump and pink, licking and sucking her clit over and over until she was cumming. I slid my tongue in her pussy and Maggie was moaning and pushing pussy against my mouth. She let out a moan and fuck me. I was more than happy to taking her legs over my shoulders and shoved my cock deep into her, fucking her, pounding her, her tits bouncing, her pussy tightened around my cock as she was cumming and she said don't stop. I did not until I exploded and filled her pussy with my cum and went limp.

Maggie still wanted to fuck. Maggie sucked my cock hard again, she straddled me and we fucked until we both came. We got cleaned up and then I had to go so I showered and dressed. Maggie put a robe on. Before I left, Maggie said she wanted to meet once a week. We made arrangements because both of us are married. That is why I have always loved sex with an older woman. They know what they want.

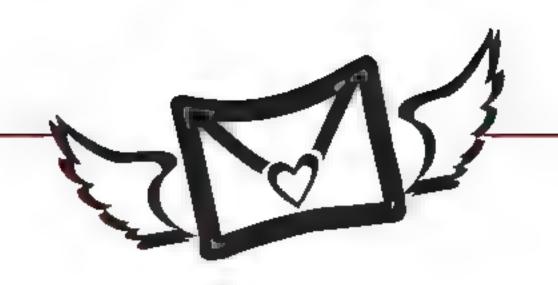
Joe, Cleveland

 One of our ex-office workers did a stint as a bank security guard also and had a similar experience. He told us over lunch how he helped a teller in the vault and she decided to thank him with a hummer. Needless to say, we all now make our deposits at that bank. Thanks for sharing, Joe. – the Editors

Dear 50+

I've always thought younger women were more sexy and attractive, but I've got to admit Victoria is beautiful, sexy and has beautiful breasts nipples and a beautiful vagina. She is a 10! Betty has sex appeal a beautiful vaginal and more sex appeal. Tessa is sexy, Lake Aussel is beautiful and sexy! Heather has a beautiful face, nips, vagina and rear cheeks! Heather is a 10 with her desirable hair and body. Diann is okay. I like





her breasts, nips and vagina. Dianna is a 10!. Will be looking for the next issue. Thank you for beautiful nude women! Enjoyed the DVD, too!

- Mike, North Carolina

Gentlemen and Ladies,

Last year in 50+ magazine, Volume 11, on the next to the last page you had a picture of "Meet Phoenix Rising" in a shower showing her pussy area. You stated in that issue that more pictures of her would be in the following issue of 50+ magazine. Unfortunately I missed the next issue because of the current economic recession. Is it possible to get a back issue with those pictures and the article about Phoenix. I hope she is single? In my past letters to you, which you keep on file, you know my personal background which I won't repeat in this letter. Man, (Ladies), Phoenix is beautiful! With a small fixed income, which I know women are not exactly thrilled about, if Phoenix ever pulled me into a shower even with my clothes on, I would put my arms around her, kiss n hug her, and then get on my knees and give her the best oral sex she could imagine. If she is single, I would propose to her.

My home is over 45 years old and needs remodeling such as new carpeting, etc., as a lot of homes do. But with the current economic situation, being unemployed for 9 years and living on a small fixed income right now, I'm only doing the repairs that are necessary. In general, the house is in good shape, but like everything else, there is always need for improvement. I could afford without trying to live like the Joneses, and be happy, financially and sexually. Unfortunately for me, if a man like myself is not 100% financially wealthy, women do not want to be with him at any time. That's why I call myself sometimes The Loner Ranger. Anyhow, I hope to hear from you and I'm enclosing a .42 stamp for your reply letter.

- Harold, Ohio

Dear Betty , c/o 50+ magazine,

My Boyfriend collects pornography and one day while he was out of the house I found his collection. Wow! As a 50+ woman, I did not think this would turn me on, but now I check people like out when I am alone art home. I have to tell you that I am about 5' 2" and full-figured enjoy sex with my man, but when I see your pussy spread and that blonde hair around your cunt something tingles for me. So I thought about all this and one day told my boyfriend what I had been looking at and mentioned your name and pussy. Right away he knew the pictures

them [Consider it done! – Ed.] And I just have to say thank you for putting or doing a layout of Shablee. And also would love to see Hilary the 57 year-old from Providence, Rhode Island and Myrtle, the 55 year-old from Kalamazoo, Michigan and also Xena, the 54 year-old from Palmdale, California and Kissandra, the 55 year-old from Austin, Texas do a DVD 50+ layout together on one DVD. They are my most favorite models. Please do a DVD layout for the next 50+ magazine. And please bring back Dr. Sabrina [Consider that done, too! – Ed.]. Well, I'll keep reading your magazine always. I just love it. Keep up the great work!!!!!

- Thank you, Jay from Atlanta

Dear Lexi Carrington,

Hi! You are a very hot woman. Saw your layout in 50+, Vol. #10. Sex is a way of life for me too. I'm also from California, San Francisco Bay area. I am in my 40's and am way better that any young fluff little boy. I would love to fuck you in your next live internet show. So please write me back real soon, and let me know when we can do the web site sex thing.

- Thank you, Jay from Atlanta

Jay included this little note along with his letter. We'd like to tell him that Lexi touts herself as the Number One MILF on the internet. Contact her at www.lexicarrington.com. Good luck Jay, You the man! – the Editors

I was talking about because he "wacks off" to your photos at least twice a week. So we talked it over and we went to buy a video of you if it showed lots of pussy pics from between your legs. Got any? Please reply soon!

- Love your cunt. Him & Her, New York

Dear 50+

Let me just say that how much I enjoy reading your magazine. Your last issue (50+, Vol. 10) is just great!!!!! You did a layout of a woman that I love to see sooooo much. Shablee. She is hott!!!!!. Please let her do a DVD layout next time. And also you need to put back in your magazine the Letters page. I like reading

P.S. I would love to hear from you soon. I really would love to meet and hook up with Shablee and Suzanne. I just love those two so much!!!! Please let them do a DVD layout together.

— To all our fans and readers, be sure to check out Dr. Sabrina's return and some more interesting letters to her on the last page of the issue. — the Editors.

Write ahead. You can send your letters to the Editor, Blair Publishing, Inc., 9030 W. Sahara Ave. # 422, Las Vegas, NV 09117. All submissions become the property of Blair Publishing, Inc., and up to our discretion to publish them or not. Either way, we enjoy reading them all.

When you think of Florida seniors, do images of blue hair and walkers come to mind? Well, that's just not the case with this self-professed sexy cougar - Christy Cougar.

Christy was farm-raised during the era or WW II by a mother who cared about what she fed her little girl. That she got plenty of exercise and that she carried those health-conscious efforts into her adult life. We think all that shows and then some.

Proud of her well-toned body, Christy is not ashamed to show it all off. She exercises regularly and stays away from unhealthy things. She takes extra pride in keeping her pussy clean shaved and inviting for her lovers. She had a male lover to thank for her introduction to clean pubes and has liked the feeling ever since. This positive and open-minded attitude had been with her throughout her life. This applies especially to her sex life. When we asked – her reply was, "Yes! My sex life is happy and fulfilling! I think that an overall positive attitude does wonders for anyone's health and appearance."

Christy loves being so hot & sexy at 67. She has done it all and feels she can share those experiences without reservation. Her healthy attitude transcends into her sex life and she pursues it with great joie-de-vie. Her men are much younger, a fact that we can all take to heart, and she loves being the instigator. She knows what she wants in her men. A wisdom brought on by years of experi-

of this voluptuous vixen, visit her at

www.christycougar.com.











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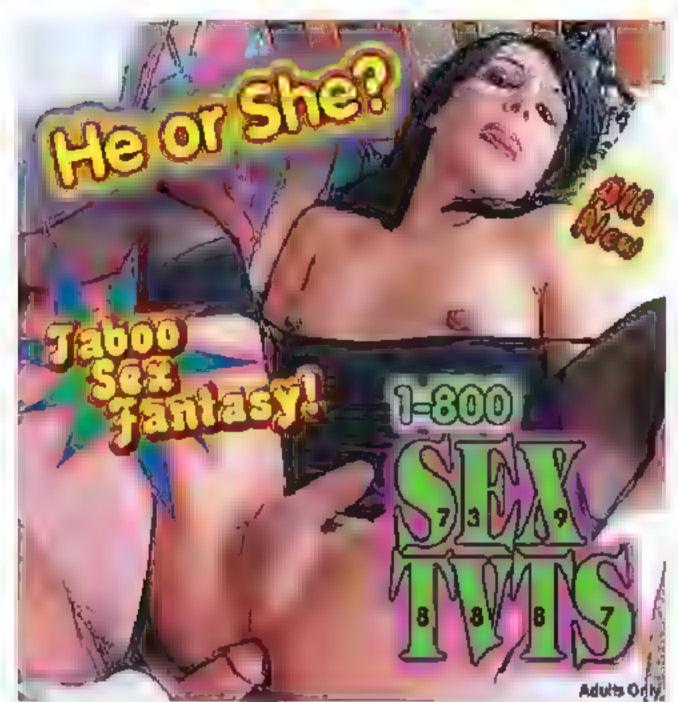
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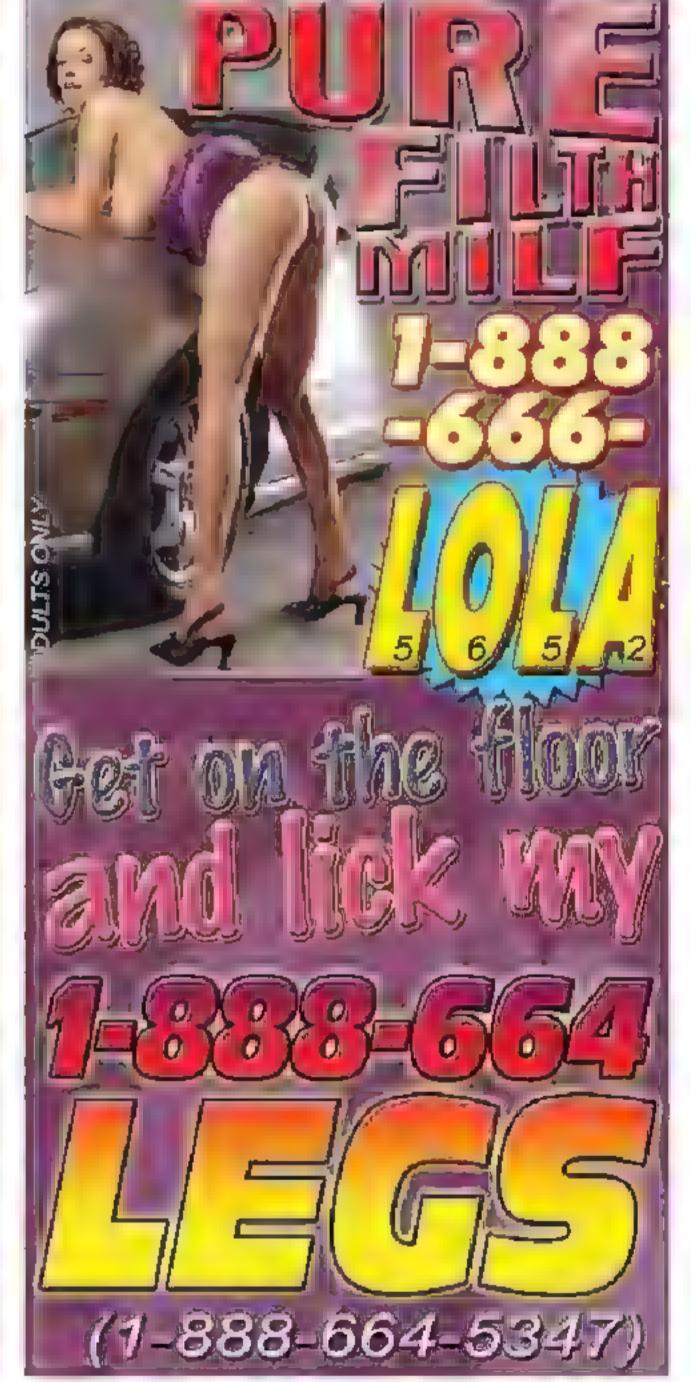
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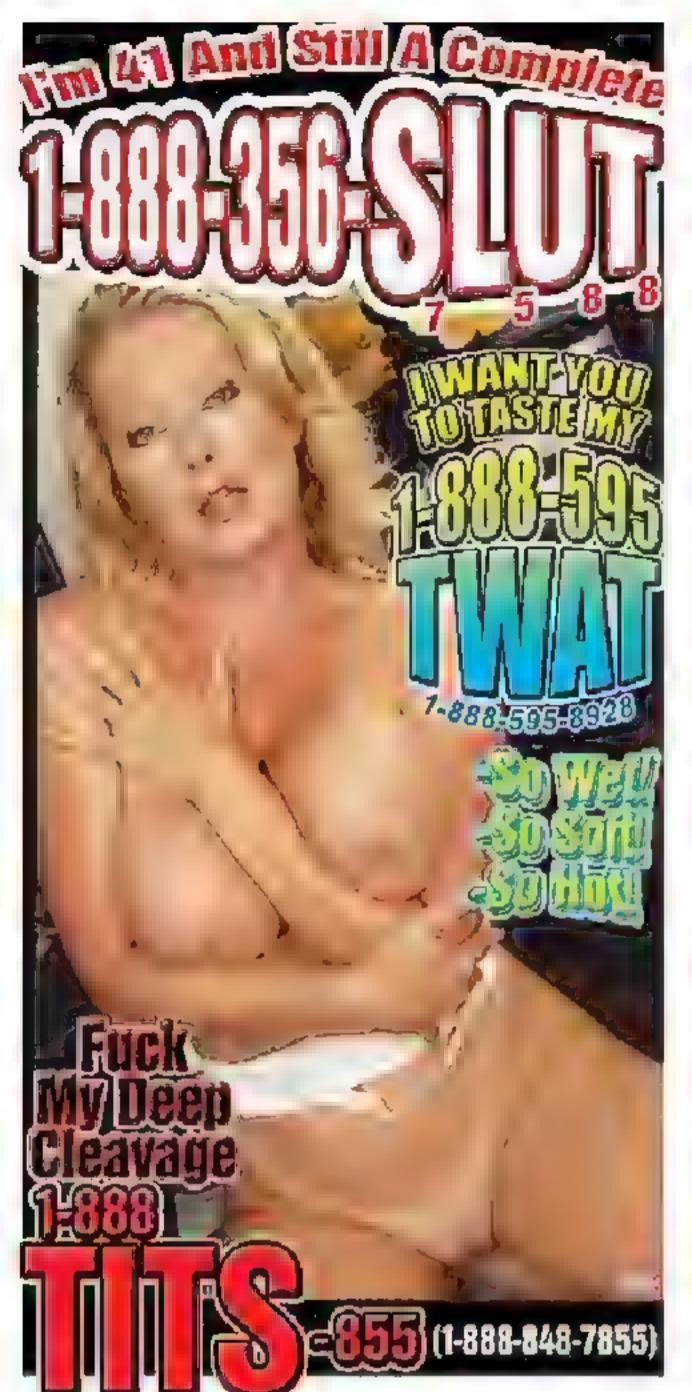




















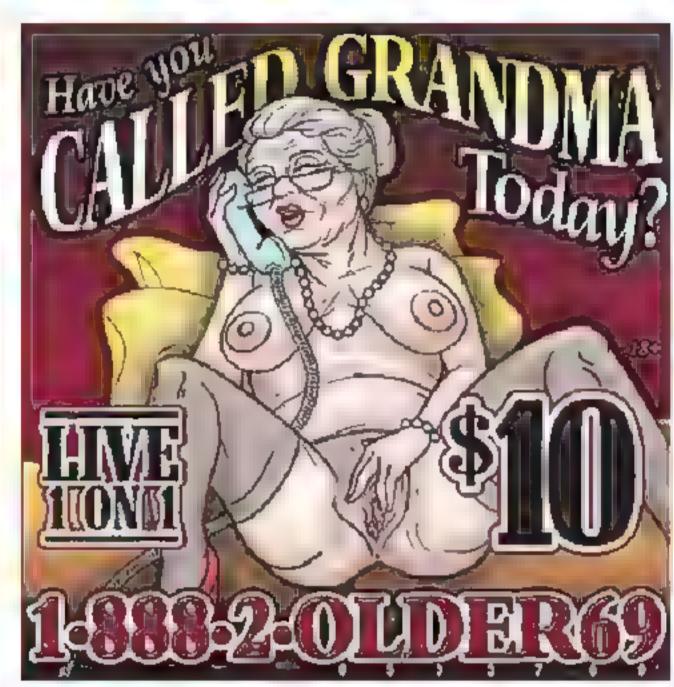












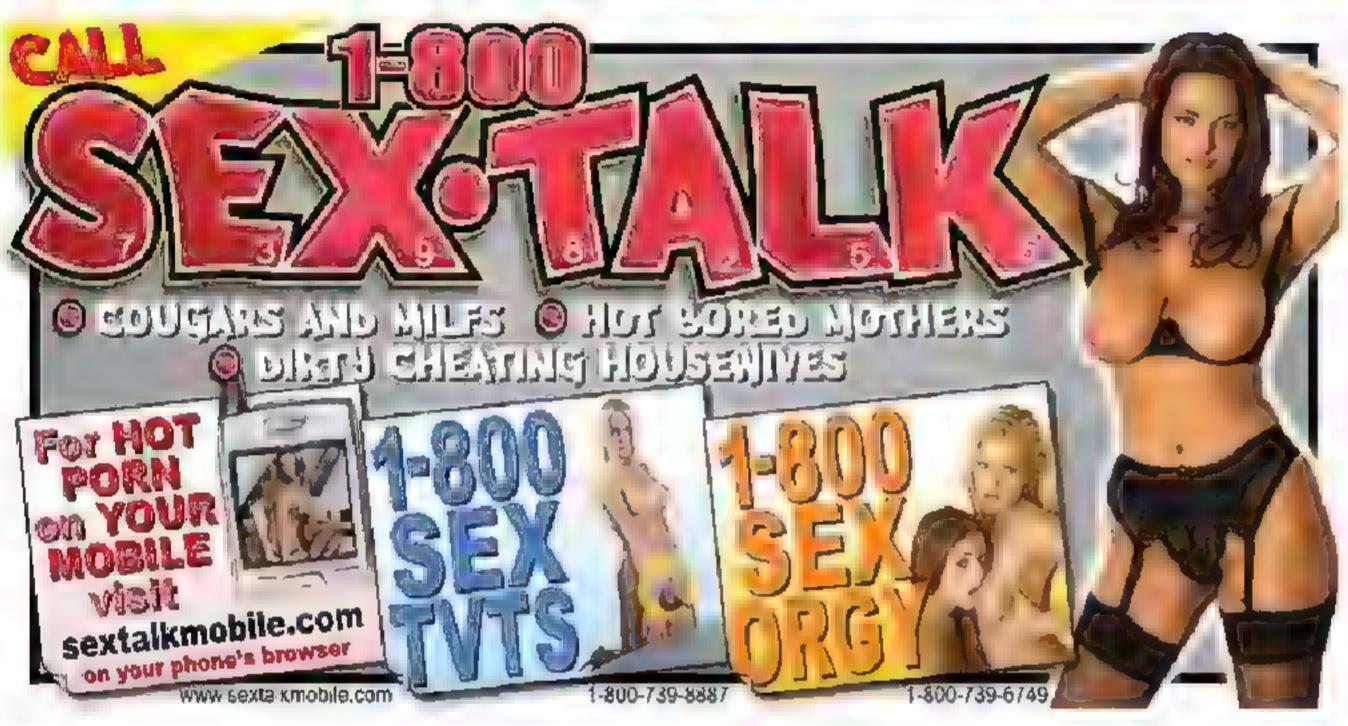
















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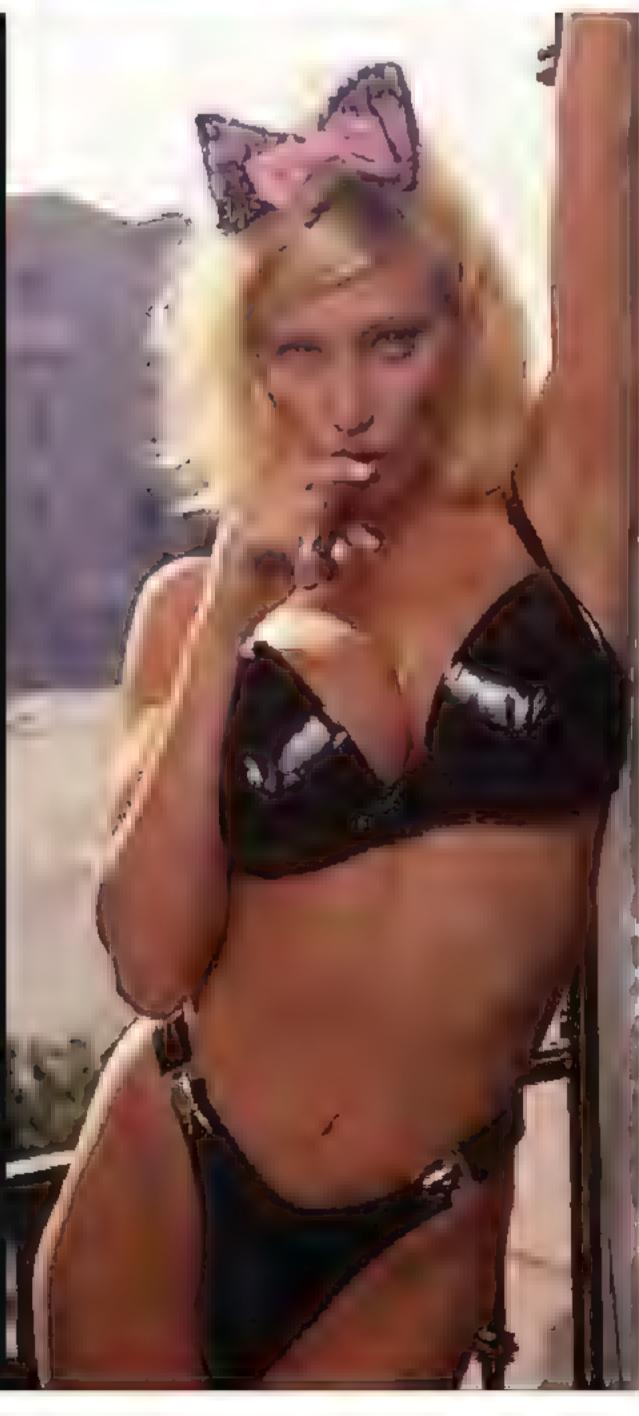
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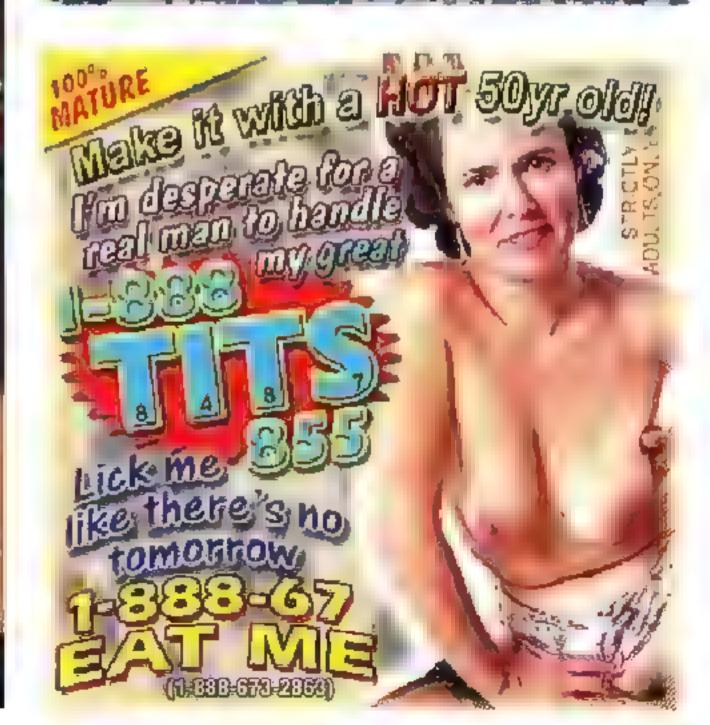










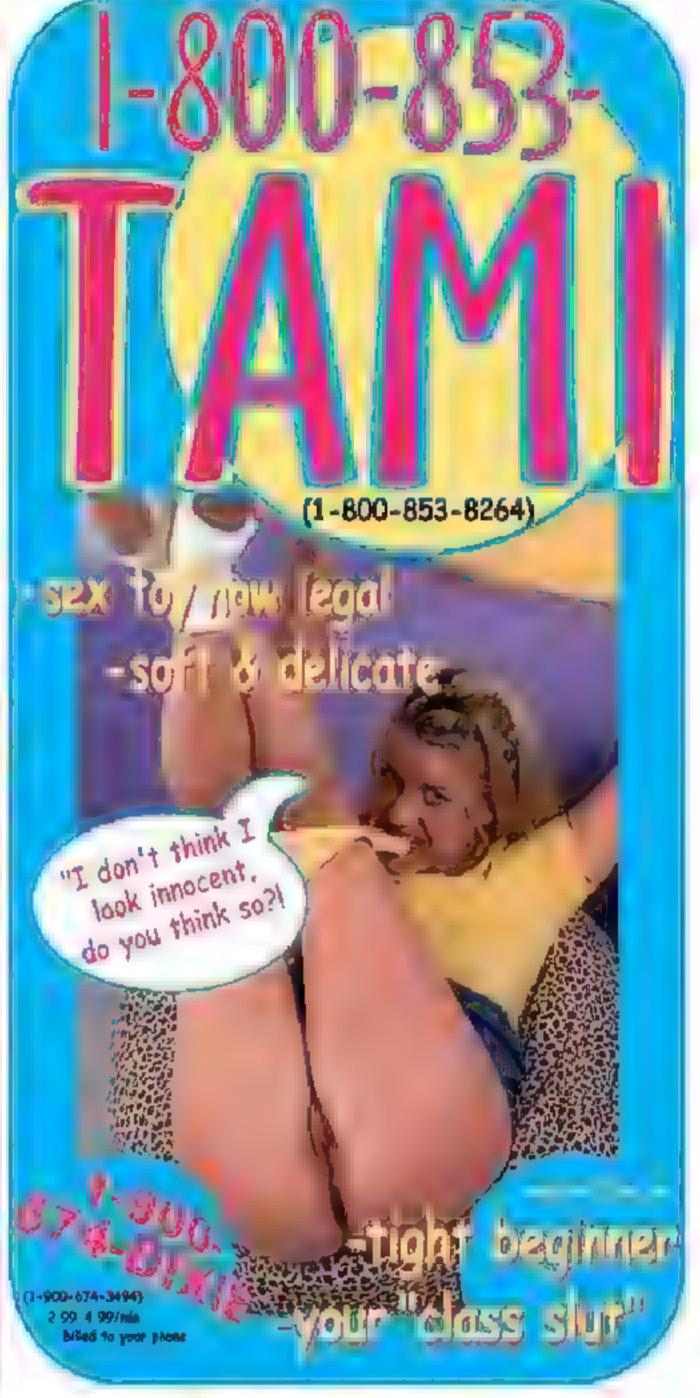
























Dr Sabrina returns with some words for you

Dear Dr. Sabrina,

I was browsing through one of my old 50+ magazines when you stated in one of your articles that when you go through your mail you sometimes pass on the letters to some of your women friends who are looking for prospective gentlemen to get laid. Well, Ma'am I am very prospective and looking for a wonderful woman to enjoy life with. I am sex-starved, still trying to quench my sexual appetite. Love big tits. Love exploring beautiful bodies. Tired of the bar scene and internet. Met nice ladies, but never found that special one.

I am 6' 3", teddy bear, 59, Capricorn, retired military. Worked at resorts in Las Vegas and Laughlin. Will be back in Vegas in Early '09. Will send pictures if wanted, but sometimes a surprise is nice, too. All women are beautiful. Would love to correspond with any of your lady friends that show an interest. We could lay the ground work for some exciting times. I will be as discrete or plain as they like, and hope they will be as honest with me. I am not into games. I love looking at beautiful women that are not afraid to show what they have. I especially love the 50+ women that still enjoy sex, because I do too. I am a tight butt and tit man, but appreciate the total package. Hope your friends need a lot of loving, because I have a lot to give. Hope you can help me. By the way Doc, you are a hot babe, WOW!

J.E., Nevada

Well, first of all, thanks for the compliment. I bet your a babe, too. I'm glad to read that you find all women beautiful, that is an important attitude when it comes to connecting with women of any age. But beauty is more than skin deep. You must take all they offer and find beauty in all of it. J.E. you may never find that "special" one, unless she just drops into your lap one day. Look for the best in the women you do date and they will find the best in you. — Dr. S.

Dr. Sabrina has some wise words for our readers. She tries to make sense of love, sex and what women want from their men. If you have questions about the opposite sex, then Dr. Sabrina has the answer.

Read on!



Dear Dr. Sabrina,

I am a male, aged 59, who has a great appreciation of older women in the age range of 50 to the early 70s. I don't mind a few extra pounds, which I regard as well-deserved beauty fat at our age, as long as it is not a circus act. Don't mind wrinkles either. I tried to hit upon some women at work, always to find they are either married or have boyfriends. I must always remain discreet, as I do not want to lose my job in this bad economy.

I adored your Missy Mercedes in 50+ Vol. 8. Please let her know she has fans. I would love to see more of her in another issue of 50+, notably her ass and bare feet. If she appears in another issue, let me know so I will be sure to get a copy.

I always hear that there are no eligible men out there. Well hell, I'm having a hard time finding older women who have no strings to family. I don't care how many times they've been married or how many children they may have had, as long as they are now free.

Looking for a lady to worship as a queen.

- Bill from New Mexico

Bill, you sound like a nice guy. You seem willing to accept a woman for who she is as well as what she looks like. You know it's not a good idea to hit upon women at work. Not only does it jeopardize your job, but theirs as well. You must go where the women are in the age group that you seek.

In New Mexico there are many art fairs, hot air balloon festivals, and (believe it or not) the NM State Fair. At your age, you do not need bars or the workplace. You have the experience and maturity to think of where and how to meet women by yourself. Come down to earth. Do not look to worship women, but look for the ones that may be in your back yard.

- Dr. S.



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